

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



APRIL 19, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

BASEBALL ISSUE

WILLIE MAYS

Say, hey, for 1959!

JULES FIEFFER

A cartoonist's view

ACTION PHOTOS

In color

THE UMPIRE

Showboat or genius?

SCOUTING REPORTS

On all 16 teams

PLUS

NEWS,

COLUMNS,

TOMMY ARMOUR'S

LESSON NO. 3

AND

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GENERAL DUAL 90

Cover: Willie Mays! ▶

The great star of the Giants reflects the spirit of the season, which opens this week. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* fourth annual special baseball issue tells you what to keep an eye on in '56.

Photograph by Joe Greenstein

Next week



▶ Beginning the inspiring life story of Billy Telford, his personal battle against diabetes, the colorful days of his life on the tennis circuit and his triumphs in the postwar years.

▶ Herbert Warren Wind takes a reflective look at the 1955 Masters golf tournament at Augusta and in his unique style reports in depth on Art Wall's great surge to victory.

▶ Ingemar Johansson, the good-looking Swedish heavyweight who fights Floyd Patterson in June, is portrayed in a life-size pinup color photograph by Mark Kaufman.

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COMING EVENTS

April 16 to April 16

All times are E.S.T.

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Friday, April 19

- BASEBALL
 - Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 1:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING
 - Don vs. Rytt, Lights, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)
- GOLF
 - Bobo Roberts Women's Open, \$5,000, Beaumont, Texas (through April 21)

Saturday, April 21

- ARTS RACING
 - NASCAR Grand Nat. Division, \$4,200, Rockingham, N.C.
- BASEBALL
 - Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 1:00 p.m. (NBC)
 - Boston at New York, 1:00 p.m., CBS-TV, 1:30 p.m., Mutual-Radio
- BASKETBALL (pre)
 - NBA games, Minneapolis at Boston, if necessary (also April 15, if necessary)
- BOATING
 - San Clemente Island Race, Los Angeles, (even)
 - Boston at Boston
 - Bangor at Bangor
- BOWLING
 - Nat. Doubles Tournament, Peoria, Ill. (through April 16)
- GYMNASTICS
 - Nat. YMCA champs, New York
- HORSE RACING
 - Laurel Motory, \$50,000, Laurel, Md.
 - The Gotham, \$25,000, Jamaica, N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS)
- HUNTS
 - Radnor Hunt, Malvern, Pa.
- HUNT RACING
 - Middleburg Hunt Race Ann., Middleburg, Va.
 - My Lady's Manor Hunt to Point, Menkinstown, Md.
 - Rock House Hunt Race, Tryon, N.C.
- LACROSSE
 - Mr. Washington at Helms
 - Princeton at Johns Hopkins
 - Yale at Army
- SHOOTING
 - New York AC Trapshoot, Pafham Manor, N.Y.
- TENNIS
 - Pro Test, Bermuda (also April 12)

Sunday, April 22

- AUTO RACING
 - NASCAR Grand Nat. Division, \$4,200, Rockingham
 - USAC Big Car champs, Trenton, N.J.
- BASEBALL
 - Boston at New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
 - Milwaukee at Pittsburgh, 1:00 p.m. (NBC)
 - Los Angeles at Chicago, 2 p.m. (Mutual)
- BASKETBALL (pre)
 - NBA champs, Boston at Minneapolis, if necessary

Monday, April 23

- BOXING
 - Fould vs. Fould, heavy, 10 rds., San Diego
- GOLF
 - Top Pro Golf, Miami Beach, Fla. (ABC)
- TENNIS
 - Brierly Oaks Tournament, Houston (through April 25)

Tuesday, April 24

- BASEBALL
 - Kansas City at Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)

Wednesday, April 25

- BOXING
 - Latta vs. Williams, heavy, 10 rds., Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- FISHING
 - White Marlin Tournament, Cat Cay, Bahamas (through April 27)
- HORSE RACING
 - The West-Arctic, \$25,000, Jamaica, N.Y.

Thursday, April 26

- BASEBALL
 - Washington at Boston, 1:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- GOLF
 - Houston Classic, \$50,000 (through April 29)
 - Civitan Women's Open, Dallas, \$50,000 (through April 29)



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IN SCOTCH...
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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: Which player on your team is the most interesting to watch? (Asked of sports broadcasters)



EARL GILLESPIE
Milwaukee Braves



MEL ALLEN
New York Yankees

Frank Aaron—the great home run slugger. In the outfield he does the impossible and makes it look easy. When chasing a fly or low liner he may trip or fall, but he'll make the catch, often with his bare hand, and he'll whip the ball to the infield like a bullet.



BOB PRINCE
Pittsburgh Pirates



VAN PATRICK
Detroit Tigers

Bill Mazeroski—acknowledged the greatest second baseman in either league. In the field he continually amazes me and everyone else. He's big, 190 pounds of fielding grace, and he can hit. We call him Golden Boy. If he sneezes we—figuratively—wrap blankets around him.



RUSS HODGES
San Francisco Giants



JIM DUOLEY
Cleveland Indians

Of course, Willie Mays is in a class by himself, and then you go to Orlando Cepeda, who, although a good-natured kid, looks like a raging bull. He seems to approach the game from the attitude of brute strength, like a steam roller. He is an unusual player to watch.

Rocky Colaninno. Not only is he interesting and colorful, but he is one of today's great players, with the chance of becoming one of the greatest hitters of all time. Although he has been in the majors only three years, already he has one of the largest fan clubs in the country.

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HOTBOX continued



HERLE HARMON
Kansas City Athletics

Bob Cerv as a batter. Every time he goes to the plate, he can hit the ball out of the park and to any field. Last July 4 in Chicago, with a fractured jaw, a bruised hand and a broken toe, he hit a home run to beat the White Sox.



VINCE SCULLY
Los Angeles Dodgers

The kid who captured the imagination of the crowd last year—Don Zimmer. He always has a big end of tobacco in his cheek and the players call him Pop-eye. He has great courage. Beaten badly twice in his career, he came right back.



ERNIE HARWELL
Baltimore Orioles

A pitcher, Billy O'Dell, who was the star of the All-Star Game in Baltimore last year. He is a topflight pitcher with courage and the will to win. He won 14 last year and lost 11, good for our club. The fans get a great kick watching him pitch.



GENE KELLY
Philadelphia Phillies

Richt Ashburn. Every year he must make a positive compensation for the numerous defensive alignments set up against his particular kind of hitting. In the outfield he never fails to make at least one spectacular play per game.



BOB WOLFF
Washington Senators

Roy Sievers because of his power at the plate. He was the American League's home run champion in 1957. He is also an interesting fielder. Instead of diving for low balls and risking injury, he slides feet first into them.

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Savor the tender leeks, the tiny potatoes, the sturdy onion. All blended magically with dairy cream thick enough to skate on. Perspective will return.

Our chef, he of the "Million Dollar Palate", sampled every known make of Vichyssoise. None pleased him completely. Then he tasted this one. He smiled, sniffed carefully, looked into space — and hurried his high hat aloft.

Thus, by tireless search, thousands of mortals have been made happy. Join them, today. Serve this glorious Vichyssoise chilled, so that the cup chatters in its saucer.

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GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

MEMO from the publisher

IN AN extraordinary autobiography, *Playing for Life*, which begins next week in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and which will be published in expanded form on April 21 by Little, Brown and Co. (\$4), William F. Talbert remarks:

"There were trophies ranged on shelves in the library and stashed away in the closets, plus some others that still clustered up my mother's apartment—souvenirs of my mug-hunting days.

"The most important prize of all, and by far the largest part of my debt, consisted of a few unengraved words spoken by a man whose name would mean nothing to readers of either the sports page or the front page. He was a doctor who told a group of professional people and laymen interested in diabetes research: 'Banting and Best discovered insulin and made it possible for diabetes to live. Bully Talbert showed them how.'

"What he might have added was that tennis had showed it to me."

When, at the age of 14, Talbert began to play tennis he was four years along in competition of a different kind—with the diabetes which overtook him when his young ambition was to become a major league ballplayer. Then the prescription for

diabetes was carefully rationed doses of insulin, carefully measured rations of food and endless rest and quiet.

Diabetes has not changed since; but in many cases its treatment has. And this is largely because Talbert, probably the world's best-known diabetic, was able, with the aid of his father and the advice of his physician, to prove that diabetes need not prevent an active life.

For years, during which Talbert played his way up the tennis ladder, he kept successfully quiet

about his diabetes. But in Australia when he was a member of the U.S. Davis Cup team the press found him out. The next thing he knew he was putting on an exhibition with Gardner Mulloy before an audience of diabetic Australian children. Since then Talbert's accomplishments on the court—distinguished though they are—have meant less to him than his opportunity to show diabetes how their disability is no bar to the enjoyment of life to the full.

Playing for Life is an exciting story of tennis—the circuit, the society and the people. It is equally a chronicle of human determination which has opened up for thousands and thousands an athletic existence they once could never have known.



BILL TALBERT

Harry Pearce

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BUICK '59

The advertisement features a dark background with a complex, abstract design of overlapping, concentric, and intersecting lines in yellow, blue, and red, resembling atomic orbits or a stylized flower. On the right side, two Hamilton watches are displayed vertically. The top watch is a rectangular 'Vantage' model with a white dial and a dark strap. The bottom watch is a round 'Atlantis' model with a white dial and a metal link bracelet. Below each watch is its name and price in white text.

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ATLANTIS
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San Francisco	\$6 ⁰⁰	\$9 ⁰⁰	\$2 ⁰⁰
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SCOREBOARD continued

faces in the crowd . . .



PATRIC NEAL, one of Wayland College's sharpshooting quaters, scored 17 points to help beat Nashville Business College 48-37 as Texas girls regained AAU women's basketball title from Tennessee at St. Joseph, Mo.

DAVE ALLEN, spunky Cornell 125-pounder who holds Eastern and NCAA wrestling titles, made short work of Japan's Ryoji Hashimoto, throwing rival in 2:46 as U.S. grapplers beat Japanese 21-15 in New York.



SHARON PRUITT, cute-as-a-button Detroit 12-year-old, won her second 15-and-under national badminton title, then snared daylight out of older juniors before losing girl's final to Fanny Hitchens at Baltimore.

JIM MALONEY, 22, 19-year-old glacier-shortstop for Fresno (Calif.) City College, hit reported \$100,000 cash pot when Cincinnati made him its most expensive bonus baby and agreed to keep him for entire season.



JIM RATHMANN, veteran driver with thirst for speed, pushed car over ap-py-last Daytona track at 170.284 mph to win fastest race ever, but joy was tempered when George Amick was killed in crash (see page 111).

BOB JENKINS of Fort Worth Press is one sportseditor who made up at game he wrote, about. One-time TCU golf captain, Jenkins put together enough hinders and pars for 79, won Golf Writers title at Myrtle Beach.



CARL SNAVELY, 64, dedicated football coach who spent some of his best years at Cornell (1908-44) and is about to retire from post at Washington U. in St. Louis, was honored by old Cornellians, old rivals at three reunions.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NYC. 94 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

How to make a waterproof martini

One important thing to remember if you would make waterproof martinis is to control the amount of sog.

Sog is an element released by ice cubes upon contact with gin and vermouth. In discreet amounts it is called water and is quite palatable.

The second crucial point is to choose a gin with some snap and dazzle. By coincidence, we happen to have one in mind at the moment . . . Seagram's.

Seagram's gin has decided advantages. It is made slowly to give it unruffled *smoothness*.

It is made at higher 94 proof for succinct *dryness*. Hence, it is the improved gin. You can count on it to give short shrift to sog.

Tonight, show your friends that you know what's what with martinis. Give your cocktails the icy incandescence of Seagram's gin. Watch their faces light up!

SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN

94 PROOF/NO EXTRA COST

IT'S NO
GOOD PAH
I'VE FAILED
YOU.

NO
DICKIE,
NO!



WE USED TO BE FIRST IN
EVERYTHING. FIRST TO PUT
UP BILL FIGHT POSTERS, FIRST
TO JOIN A PAM GROUP, FIRST
TO HAVE AN OBLIQUE
NUMBER.

OWELLING IN
THE PAST IS
EMOTIONALLY
WRONG,
DICKIE.



THEN SOMEHOW WE FELL
BEHIND! WE MOVED TO
SOMERSEA, WHEN CANBERRA
WAS THE THING, FLED
TO EXETER, WHEN THEY
WERE ALL MOVING
BACK TO
THE CITY.

STOP
IT,
DICKIE!
PLEASE
STOP!



WE TOOK UP ON PARTING SO
WOODCUTS CAME BACK IN
STYLE! BOUGHT A FOURTEEN
SPRINGER, A-P-I AND STEREO
CAME ALONG - EVERGREENS
WE TURNED IT WENT
WRONG!

DON'T
TORTURE
YOURSELF
DICKIE!



I'M A SINKING
SHIP, PAH! GET
OUT WHILE
YOU CAN!

MY ROLE
IS HERE
WITH YOU.



THEN FOR PITY'S SAKE
TELL ME! WHAT
CAN WE DO?



DON'T THEY ALL
HAD WITH JEALOUSY,
WHEN NOW TO MIX
A GIMLET.



I THINK
YOU'VE
SAVED
OUR
MARRIAGE.



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Juice

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WALL

Golf's top money winner took the Masters title with a dazzling late surge that left everyone agape or aghast

by GWILYM BROWN

As a climax to an exciting production, Art Wall's shattering finish in the 1959 Masters tournament was as high an exercise in drama as golf's major competitions have produced. What Wall needed—and got—was an array of five birdies in the last six holes to win by a stroke over Cary Middlecoff. The 25,000 enthusiasts who crowded the Augusta National golf course last Sunday and the millions who caught television's excellent transmission saw Wall, six strokes behind leader Arnold Palmer as the final round began and hardly considered a contending figure at that point, sweep over Augusta's long and difficult course in 66 shots to post a four-round total of 284. This was enough to defeat Arnold Palmer, the indefatigable defending champion, by two strokes, and the final challenger, Cary Middlecoff, by one.

For nine years, though winning his share of tournaments and more than his share of prize money, this quiet but articulate golfer has been one of the overlooked members of the professional circuit. Then this year, at 35, Wall seems abruptly to have reached his competitive maturity. He barely lost the Los Angeles Open to Ken Venturi's final round 63 (SI, Jan. 19), won the Bing Crosby Invitation, finished second in tournaments at Phoenix and Tucson before winning the Azalea Open just before the Masters. The legions who liked Wall but underrated his ability were surprised and pleased that he was doing so well on the circuit. Winning the Masters is ample proof that he is

VICTORY DANCE by the usually reserved Art Wall followed his sinking of the putt that gave him Masters championship and the right to wear the famous green jacket

Associated Press

WAS WONDROUS

Photographs by Garry Winogrand

now something even better than a successful circuit golfer.

As the tournament got under way, Wall, despite his Azalea victory, was a lukewarm choice along with favorites Sam Snead (picked because he was Sam Snead) and Ken Venturi (picked because he has made winning the Masters his own particular golfing ambition). But as the tournament boiled into motion, Wall, with Venturi and Snead, faded from the picture. It was the battle between the youthful (29) Palmer, ripping his

drives off the tee for tremendous distance, and the tough 44-year-old Canadian Stan Leonard, that provided the focus of attention.

Heavy all-night rains had drenched the course for the first day of play, and Leonard, taking advantage of the moist and holding greens, came in early in the afternoon with a fine 69. This lead held up despite challenges from Palmer, Jack Burke and 45-year-old Chandler Harper, all of whom carded one-under-par 71s. The rest of the field squeezed in tightly

behind the four leaders, 55 players scoring between 72 and 77. Modestly nestled in a nine-way tie for 10th place at 73 sat the eventual champion, Art Wall.

In the second round, on a day that was sunny but windy, Palmer turned in a 70 that would have been much higher but for some tenacious scrambling and deft putting (28 putts for the round). On the par-5 8th hole, for instance, pressing to get close to the green with his second shot, he badly

costumed

TENSE CHALLENGE by Cary Middlecoff failed by narrow margin when he missed tries for birdies on each of the last three holes.



BOLD DEFENSE of Masters title by Arnold Palmer, co-leader after three rounds, buckled under final-day pressure.



topped a wood from the fairway. The ball flew along the ground until it hit a mound at the left hardly 70 yards from the spot from which it had been struck. It caromed high into the air and disappeared into a tree and brush-filled hollow, well short of the green. But Palmer boldly cut short what appeared to be the start of a disastrous round. He went in after the ball, hacked it out and got his par with a good chip and an eight-foot putt. At the end of the day Palmer's two-round total of 141 led Leonard, who faded somewhat with a 74, by two strokes.

For the rest of the field there was no relief from the tight clustering of

the scores. Anyone shooting higher than 149 for the first 36 holes, and co-favorite Ken Venturi was among this group, failed to qualify for the final two days of competition. A five-stroke margin, in fact, covered the 40 golfers who qualified behind the two leaders, Palmer and Leonard.

Well back of the lead, in a seven-way tie for 21st at 147, was Art Wall.

During Saturday's round of 18 holes, the once tightly packed field began to shake apart as Palmer and Leonard intensified their duel for the championship. Again, as on the opening day, Leonard came in with a 69 and Palmer with a 71. This tied them for the three-day lead at 212, but Cary Middlecoff, winner of the Masters in 1955 and a two-time U.S.

Open champion, fired a crisp 68 to move into serious contention only a stroke back.

As most of the early pursuers tumbled back around him, Wall struggled to maintain position on the ladder. He had had only two days of on-location Masters preparation, and it took him another two days of competition to warm to the event and to the course. In the third round Wall fashioned a 71 to place him in a four-way tie for 13th, still six shots back of the lead.

The pattern established by the first three rounds was maintained until late afternoon on the final day. Palmer, with a par 36 over the first nine holes, had increased his lead to two strokes over Middlecoff and three

SPECTATORS CLOSING IN APPROACH TO GREEN ON SECOND HOLE AT THE AUGUSTA NATIONAL GOLF CLUB WERE ONLY A FRACTION



strokes over a floundering Leonard. Then a flaw in the pattern abruptly emerged. On the 12th Palmer plopped his tee shot into the muddy creek fronting the green and took a triple-bogey 6; yet he seemed to recover with birdies on the par-5 13th and 15th holes.

It was at just about this time that Wall struck—and viciously. Playing two groups back of Palmer, Wall banged a wood to the edge of the 15th and then plunked in a 15-foot putt for his birdie after a chip shot from 80 feet left him short. Twenty feet from the hole on the back edge of the par-4 14th, Wall rolled in his putt for another birdie. On the 15th, millions of viewers gasped as his putt from 25 feet for an eagle just skirted

the edge of the cup, but the next went down for a birdie.

Up ahead Palmer was shaking badly. He missed a two-foot putt on the 17th green to take a bogey 5 there and then, when it seemed that he could clinch the championship with a birdie 3 on the final hole, his first putt from only four feet scooped out of one corner of the hole and he had to settle for a par 4. This opened the gap wide for Wall. He needed one birdie to beat Palmer's final score of 286, but he got two; with a 15-foot putt on the 17th and a 12-footer on the 18th.

It was as well that he did. Just as Wall walked into the clubhouse with his final score of 284, Cary Middlecoff smashed a two-iron just three feet

from the hole on the 15th and then tapped in the putt for an eagle 3.

This demonstration of golf under pressure put Cary into a position where a birdie on any one of the last three holes could tie him for the lead, but he wasn't quite up to such a severe assignment. Parson 16 and 17 preceded a bad approach shot to the 18th hole. On the right-hand fringe 25 feet away Middlecoff stroked the ball boldly for the hole, but it rolled by on the left leaving Wall a most deserving Masters champion.

Poor Art Wall, winning the Masters meant a first prize of \$15,000, among other incalculable benefits; his 1959 total is now \$33,000, the most a professional golfer has ever won at this point in the year. **END**

OF A RECORD CROWD, ESTIMATED AT 75,000 FOR THE FOUR-DAY TOURNAMENT, WHICH WATCHED THIS DRAMATIC 1959 MASTERS





SWORD DANCER IS TWO GOOD LENGTHS CLEAR OF EASY SPUR AS HE TURNS FOR HOME, AND THE REST OF THE FIELD IS NOW

TWO FOR THE BIG MONEY

Easy Spur impressively won the Florida Derby from Sword Dancer, and both earned their passage to Churchill Downs

by WHITNEY TOWER

UNTIL last week's eighth running of the \$100,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, James D. Norris' 3-year-old bay gelding Easy Spur had been singularly unlucky. Too often a victim of bad racing luck last season, and once idle for four months with a tricky knee, Easy Spur was all but written off by many experts when, after once again getting slammed about in the Flamingo, he could do no better than finish fifth behind Troilus, the pre-tem champion of East Coast winter racing.

But suddenly Trainer Paul Kelley's patience began paying off. First, back on his favorite Gulfstream track, Easy Spur romped home in the March 11th Hutheson and two weeks later, ridden by his newest fan, Bill Hartack, he humbled Troilus by eight lengths in the Fountain of Youth. Last Saturday he not only made his comeback complete but also projected himself squarely into the center of next month's Kentucky Derby picture by roaring from behind in

the stretch to win the Florida Derby by three-quarters of a length over Brookmeade Stable's Sword Dancer, in the brilliant time of 1:47 1/5—only two-fifths of a second off the mile-and-an-eighth track record set by Gen. Duke in this same race.

What made the race all the more noteworthy—aside from the complete collapse of Troilus, who this time finished last after running with the pack for no more than three-quarters of a mile—was that Easy Spur finished the way a Derby horse should: a final quarter in 24 2/5 and the last eighth in 12 1/5. In the lingo of the race-tracker, this is not only a "big" race, it is a "real big" race.

From the moment the gate opened and Troilus came out badly to lose all chance of assuming his favorite pace-setting role, the race was a three-horse affair. Master Palynch, a sprinter at best, went on the lead into the first turn, with Sword Dancer next and Easy Spur loping along comfortably in third place. Midway up

the backstretch Sammy Boulmetis on Sword Dancer took the lead away from Master Palynch.

Boulmetis, usually a superb judge of pace, was having some trouble rating Sword Dancer. So instead of fighting his mount he let him go and the Brookmeade colt opened up four lengths on Easy Spur. Shooting his bolt too soon may have cost him the race. Hartack, riding Easy Spur with nifty confidence, had wanted to nail Sword Dancer back at the three-eighth pole, but now, as he saw Boulmetis open up on him, he made the risky decision to wait till the stretch to get his man. And, turning for home still two lengths behind Sword Dancer, Hartack dug in and set sail. All alone by now, having left the siring Master Palynch well behind, came the pair of them in a furious drive. Not until they were 40 yards out from the wire did Easy Spur thrust ahead for keeps.

A few minutes later in the jock's room Bill Hartack, who is far from renowned for his friendliness toward inquiring newsmen (see page 112), appeared to have undergone a character transformation as he held court with the courtesy of a diplomat and the ready wit of a surefire comedian. Yes, said he, smiling at his audience, he



BEATEN, BUT HARTACK & NERVY GAMBLE PAYS OFF AS HE ROARS UP ON THE OUTSIDE TO CATCH THE LEADER NEAR THE WIRE



hoped to ride Easy Spur in the Kentucky Derby, provided he wasn't held to a prior commitment to ride 'Dunee. And furthermore, yes, said he, Easy Spur certainly did look as though he'd have no trouble going the full Derby mile-and-a-quarter route. As he posed for the cameras carving up a victory cake, one of the room's valets mimicked a typical reporter's question, "When did you think you had it won, Willie?"

Hartack, who can generally be counted on to answer this with a curdling sneer followed by the standard growling phrase, "When I saw the numbers and the official sign light up," turned sharply and let out a natural laugh. Then, seeing that an answer really was expected of him, he wisecracked, "When I read the entries, of course!"

One man who undoubtedly did think he might win when he saw the entries for the Florida Derby was Easy Spur's 55-year-old trainer, Paul A. Kelley, a quiet and patient man. Supervising the care of his charge the morning before the race, Kelley relaxed in a chair tipped back against the side of his barn. "Easy Spur is small," he said, "but he's all horse. He is sound, well-made but not too rugged. I knew he could run from the first day I ever brooded him. A lot of his bad luck can be blamed on the fact that because he usually doesn't run with the speed horses at the start he gets roughed up a bit." But this

time, explained Hartack later, "he broke better than he usually does, and I let him run on his own."

BLUSH BLOOD

Easy Spur's bloodline credentials—he is by Crowfoot out of an Easy Mon mare named Easy Reeling—are not overwhelmingly impressive in classical terms, and yet Crowfoot did sire the good race mare Nell K and also Jamie K, who, but for the misfortune of being foaled in the same year as Native Dancer, might have won two of the three Triple Crown races in 1953. Jamie K proved he was capable of going a distance of ground in exceptionally good company. Whether Easy Spur will be able to do the same is another matter, but for the moment at least he must be given as good a shot at it as any of the other winter-raced Kentucky Derby eligibles. "He could, after all," says Trainer Kelley, "be a pretty good horse. And I guess, like most millionaires, Norris would be a proud guy to come up with a good horse."

With the Kentucky Derby still three weeks away, it is nonetheless possible now to form a rough picture of it. Without a single standout like Tim Tam a year ago, the 1959 Derby will undoubtedly attract a large and unwieldy field. And full of question marks it will be.

Both Easy Spur and Sword Dancer will be shipping from Gulfstream, and Sword Dancer, who finished a very

credible third to First Landing and Tomy Lee in last year's Garden State, will benefit enormously from his Florida Derby experience. In fact, this being only his third start of the year, it must be considered every bit as good as Easy Spur's eighth start. And what now of Troilus? His race last week was complete and utter disappointment, and if there was any excuse only Troilus himself could tell us which of the many offered for him is the most valid. Admittedly a "short" horse and, in the words of Trainer Charlie Peoples, "looking like a fat old brood mare" for his race 19 days before the Florida Derby, Troilus was given some good works in preparation for his rematch with Easy Spur. Along with the stiff works, however, came some bad luck. First it was a couple of abscessed teeth. Then, only the day before the race, he rapped his left foreleg in his stall, and for most of Friday his starting status was extremely doubtful. When the leg showed no signs of soreness it was decided to send him on his way. In the race itself, observed Jockey Chris Rogers, "he went fine until we got to the half-mile pole, but then he ran dinky the rest of the way and I thought he pulled up kind of lame." Rogers reversed this decision an hour later when, back at the barn where Troilus was cooling out, he had to agree with Owner Bayard Sharp and Trainer Peoples that his mount

continued on page 102

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

TAN JOE HOK TAKES DETROIT

Triumphing over aches and ills, an Indonesian youngster becomes U.S. badminton champion



U.S. BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS DREW KNOWING CROWDS

To most Americans badminton is a pleasant summertime activity suitable for the backyard or summer camp and certainly not to be conducted so vigorously as to exclude time-outs for a good swallow of highball or a munch off a barbecued hamburger. Good Doctor Gallup, not long back, came up with a finding which held that some 7 million Americans take an occasional turn at the sport, and the American Badminton Association estimates that a half million new sets are sold every year. All this, though, amounts to a healthy yet casual form of recreation in the U.S. and only the suggestion of competitive attitude.

In Grosse Pointe, Mich. last week many a backyard highball-and-hamburger badminton player saw the other (competitive) side of the game as the sixth annual Open Amateur Championships of the American Badminton Association were held in the local high school's handsome gymnasium. The most accomplished and successful of the 170 entrants were five brown young men from the Far East who know very little of highballs and hamburgers. Their acquaintanceship with the sport is marked by daily miles of roadwork, hours of batting a shuttlecock against a stone wall in the interest of improving backhand, and the ritual of setting-up exercises and skipping rope. Their reward for such dedication is the realization that competitive badminton now belongs to the Far East where it started in the first place.

The Asian group, now on a world circuit tour, arrived in Detroit last Tuesday after triumphs in Britain and Canada, and they were immediately dubbed the "Achin' Asians." Tan Joe Hok, the 21-year-old whiz from Bandung, Indonesia, complained of a Scottish cold, a stuffed-up nose and postnasal drip. Thailand's Chareon Wattanasin cupped his hand over his jaw and moaned toothache. Lim Say Hup and Teh Kew San, the doubles experts from Malaya, showed themselves limp with fatigue, and the visitors expressed the common opinion that they were in no shape to begin play. The following day there was more talk of calamity.

"What's wrong with Tan Joe Hok?" an anxious host-official asked.

"He's got intestinal flu or something," a Grosse Pointe offered.

"You mean intentional flu," said a third man who had heard of Hok's inclination to hypochondria.

There came a report that Hok, medically treated for his stuffy head, had collapsed in the high school cafeteria, had rolled around the floor and was pleading in Indonesian for an early, happy death.

"The poor thing," a kindly cafeteria lady recalled. "I held the boy in my arms. My, he seemed sick!"

"Everything wrong with me," Hok explained later. "Eyes, nose, throat. It was awful."

"I arrive in England, climate changed—damp and cold. Then Canada—dry and cold. Then Detroit—I don't know. In Indonesia I eat soft

food, noodles and rice. In England I eat beef and lamb—don't like. In Canada I find one good Chinese restaurant. Now I hope I get good rice here. When I go to school in Texas [Baylor] I will get good rice. Oh, I am feeling awful."

Whatever ailed Tan Joe Hok, his game didn't suffer. In opening play he whopped Detroit's Fred Trifonoff 15-3 and 15-2, and then he dazzled and defeated sixth-seeded Ted Moehmann of St. Louis. After a postponement granted because of his flu, Hok disposed of third-seeded Don Davis of Seattle.

THE NAME MEANS LUCK

In each game, he drew ooohs and aahhs from the crowd when he executed his soft returns which toppled over the net, end over end, making it impossible for his opponent to return the bird. This maneuver, his power shots, his backhand returns and his wonderful change-of-pace made him much the superior. The exhibition demonstrated why Tan Joe Hok (whose family name means luck) is considered the world's best singles player now that the errant Dane, Finn Kobberø, is inactive because of suspension. Hok holds the Indian, the all-England open, the Indonesian, Asian and Canadian titles. Hok was also the key man in Indonesia's capture of the Thomas Cup last summer.

Wherever the visitors went, they were treated like so many visiting princes. Instead of putting up in downtown hotels, the Asians were



TO GROSSE POINTE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM TO WATCH ARIAN COMPETITORS, THE WORLD'S BEST, TAKE ON BEST AMERICANS

guests in some of Grosse Pointe's finest homes where hosts saw to it that plenty of kettled rice was cooked just right. Tan Joe Hok was rhapsodic when he learned his host offered lemon juice, Chinese rice and pork sausage for breakfast.

By Friday night Hok and his world circuit colleagues were dominating all events they had entered. Only Teh Kew San, who lost to Poole, the U.S. champion, had not made the quarter-finals, and Poole was later defeated by Wattanasin in two exciting games, 15-7, 18-13. Lim Say Hap and Teh Kew San, who hold four world's doubles titles, reached the finals in their specialty and dispatched the American finalists, FBI Man Joe Alston and Schoolteacher Wynn Rogers, 15-5 and 15-3.

By any measure of sports performance, the singles finals between Hok and Wattanasin was sheer excitement. (Americans were absent for the first time in the history of the Open Amateur championships.) Hok, favored to win, had beaten Wattanasin five times previously, but lost the opener of the final match 15-7. But with growing confidence and composure he won the second game 15-5. Even those in the crowd who had come out of the mildest curiosity, leaned forward anxiously. In a burst of energy that showed no evidence of Scottish rhum or Detroit flu, Hok chased Wattanasin all over the court and won the championship 18-14. "Everyone is nice to me," Tan Joe Hok said. "I am feeling honesty."

—NICK THIMMESCH

HAPPY VICTOR. Tan Joe Hok, examined his blistered soles in locker room after the finale, exclaimed, "Only nose and feet hurt now. Oh, those feet. Must see doctor."



VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS

TESTIMONY OF THOSE FOR S. 1123



A. B. FIELDER

As president of the Seattle Audubon Society, I say every generation should be able to experience physical and spiritual refreshment where primitive nature is undisturbed.

R. D. WATSON

I'm a lumber wholesaler. Spokesmen of our industry who oppose the Wilderness Preservation bill are speaking in favor of easy profits for some well-situated operators.



CECIL G. CLARK

I am a fruit grower and a Washington state representative. To close these areas to lawful but foot or horseback traffic is a selfish act for the rugged and rich.



E. F. COOK

As a mining engineer, I see an interesting contrast between the Russians, who explore everywhere, and Americans, who complacently close off areas from mineral exploration.

CHARLES S. COWAN

I am a retired forester and I have 50 years' experience behind me. In my opinion, the setting aside of any natural area to be used for only one purpose is wrong.



for "recreation, scenic, scientific, educational, conservation and historical use" only. The Wilderness, in the bill's words, would be one place "where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

Aware of the "legitimate conflicting interests" affected by such legislation, the Senate's Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs was seeking guidance in the Seattle and Phoenix hearings. Earlier this year it has done the same thing in the affected states of Oregon, California,

Utah and New Mexico. As expected, those opposed to the bill (miners, farmers, oilmen, businessmen and cattlemen for the most part) said it Blocked Economic Development and Favored the Few. And as expected, those in favor (outdoorsmen, mothers, boy scouts, garden clubbers and conservationists, for the most part) spoke eloquently of Nature and sentimentally of Economic Exploitation. (For elaboration see page 145.) Before the Senate acts one way or another on S. 1123, there will be further hearings, this time in Washington, D.C.



ELLEN BOOKER

A typical Seattleite, I love our forested mountains, whether looking at them from our city or from the bank of a clear stream in a grove of soft-needled virgin timber.

DR. VICTOR B. SCHEPPER

To me, a zoologist, the wilderness is a great outdoor classroom. Here, in each new visitor, none of the fire of Darwin, Thoreau or Teddy Roosevelt is rekindled.



MRS. JOHN VOOAR JR.

I can speak only from the heart of a mother and a woman who loves this great, a tender country of ours and the beauty God has given us to preserve and not destroy.



E. F. HEACOCK

I am in the lumber business. Proponents of the bill imply immediate action is needed to save the last vestiges of wild land in the U.S. Facts do not support this.

TESTIMONY OF THOSE AGAINST S. 1123

COMMENT OF A TRIBESMAN



LESTER OLIVER

We Apaches feel all Indians affected should negotiate for an area based on the wauyigwax principle. But to solve the problem maybe you ought to give the land back to the Indians. ("I've heard the Indians wouldn't take it," quipped Senator Barry Goldwater.) That's just Manabaffan, Senator.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Season of Prophecy

As our 1958 baseball issue goes to press, we have been glancing over the weather reports with a good deal of satisfaction. No word of snow anywhere in the baseball latitudes at press time, and fahrenheit's coming in like this: Boston 61°, Chicago 65°, Cincinnati 74°, Cleveland 65°, Detroit 62°, Los Angeles 69°, Milwaukee 61°, New York City 60°, San Francisco 64°, and so forth—all reasonably encouraging intelligence for the American people at this vital turning of the year. Furthermore, you can take it on the word of the U.S. Weather Bureau's long-range forecast for April that most major league cities are due for normal or near-normal warmth and normal or below-normal precipitation.

Since prophecy is part of the very nature of spring, we venture some more here after a look at baseball's April schedules. In the National League, where such lusty contenders as Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati will be going at each other in home-and-home games, it will be a month of rousing headlines and highly satisfying box office—even though, the weather bureau notwithstanding, San Francisco fans will come nigh to freezing on a couple of nights. And in

the American (or Yankee) League, deep thinkers will be asking themselves whether baseball is losing its hold on us. Nowhere will this be more true than in New York, where the Champions of the World are going to play just six games all month. This is a sad fact for the New York fan, already bereft, but it will give the deep thinker a chance to find out if the national game is really missed in the capital of the world.

Stirrings in Sweden

PHLEGM, according to early physiology, is one of four humors or fluids, including blood, choler and melancholy, which determine a person's health and temperament. Phlegm is supposed to be cold and moist and to cause phlegmatism and is a humor traditionally associated with Swedes. It takes some doing to put a Swede in a better humor, but Ingemar Johansson has done it.

As June 25 approaches, when Iago will meet Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship of the world at Yankee Stadium, Swedes are becoming increasingly passionate, an Italianate temperament caused by blood, which is supposed to be hot as well as moist. Swedish travel agencies are preparing for a passionate pil-

grimage to the United States, the greatest migration of Swedes since the 19th century, when years of drought forced such large numbers to emigrate that today there are almost half as many Americans of Swedish descent as there are Swedes in Sweden. Anticipating that perhaps 4,000 Swedes will go over for the fight, the



agencies have reserved that many beds at two New York hotels and the same number of seats and berths on 10 airlines and the M/S *Kungsörsen*.

The agencies are also offering three package deals ranging from \$550 to \$660 which include sightseeing, hotel accommodations and transportation but no food or tickets. Newspapers are publishing detailed reports and expertise on the daily doings of the two heroes; the spring lotteries are offering round trips and ringside seats as prizes rather than the usual cars and boats; both Stockholm evening papers are running competitions in which the winners receive round-trip tickets and ringside seats. Even the Norwegians, who consider themselves the elite of the north and who have never really forgiven Sweden for not caring more when they seceded in 1905, are proud that a Scandinavian, at least, may become champion.

But Sweden's pride, passion and joy is tempered by the dear fact that the Swedish state radio implacably refuses to broadcast the fight. Last spring, after a motion to suspend state subsidies to boxing clubs on the grounds that it was a dangerous and cruel sport was defeated in the Riksdag, state radio piously announced that it would no longer broadcast fights because boxing is not really a

They Said It

WHITEY FORD, New York Yankees pitcher, philosophizing over the fact that doctors have forbidden him to eat steak and other meats under pain of gout: "It's surprising how much you can get to like cheese omelets."

HAROLD HAYDON, dean of students at the University of Chicago, on being informed that his school had accepted a challenge from Cambridge University for an international hoddypinks match: "Only students who maintain the university's scholastic standards will be eligible."

ROCKY GRAZIANO, onetime middleweight champion, on why his present career in show business is in no way attributable to the Actor's Studio: "They learn guys there to talk like me, so why should I go there? Marlon Brando and Paul Newman both copy the way I talk."

sport, is indeed dangerous and cannot have a beneficial effect on listeners. Last week, a Socialist M.P. rose in the Riksdag and asked the Minister of Communications whether he intended to do anything about persuading state radio to change its mind. The minister replied that it was undemocratic and unconstitutional for the government to influence the radio. A Conservative M.P. could not refrain from pointing out at this point that the chamber was full for once and that he was sure that if the bout was broadcast half the members would tune in.

"State radio doesn't care whether boxing is good or bad for the listeners," says Johansson himself. "They decided to abandon boxing broadcasts only because they are stingy. Before they had their ridiculous prohibition they asked dozens of times for permission to broadcast my fights, but they were never prepared to pay what it was calculated I would lose on ticket sales if a bout were broadcast."

Unless Svenska Shell Oil goes through with its plan to beam the fight in from Denmark, it looks as though the Swedes will be in the dark, but only figuratively. No one in Sweden need go to bed the night of the fight, which will be held about 4 a.m. Swedish time, for June 25 is a day of the midnight sun in Scandinavia. The sun won't set and Sweden will give itself to festival—especially if Ingo wins.

The Kid at the Gate

AS A KID in South Bend, Ind. some 30 years ago, Joe Kuharich, the son of an immigrant lathe operator, nursed a William Steig Dream of Glory. It was the vision of himself as head coach at Notre Dame. At every Saturday game Joe and his raffish and penniless schoolmates would be hanging around the stadium gate hoping for a chance to sneak past the eagle-eyed guards. As often as not, remembers Joe, "when the Notre Dame team came running through, the players would grab us and hustle us in with them. It was the thrill of our lives to have Christy Flanagan or



Red Hearndon rushing us past those guards."

One night last December at the ring of a telephone in Washington, the boyhood dream of Joe Kuharich became reality. "Would you," an important voice from South Bend asked the then head coach of the professional Redskins, "be available if the top job at Notre Dame were offered to you?" Subsequent announcements on sports pages all over the nation indicated that Joe's answer was yes.

It had been a long road for the scrawny kid who used to hang around the stadium hoping for a chance to see his heroes, but it had led with remarkable directness to the goal he had dreamed of then. Weighing a mere 145 pounds when he entered Notre Dame on scholarship in 1934, he managed to add enough lean beef to his frame to play guard on the varsity for three years. After graduation in 1938 and a few seasons as a high school coach and pro footballer, Joe, like many another physically fit young

man, found himself in the wartime Navy. The tough discipline he learned and practiced in his rise from plain goby to two-stripe lieutenant in the years that followed was soon to leave its mark on football when Joe returned to his first love after the war.

"Speak well, dress well, and you can always get a job at Washington" was a standard sneer in pro football circles when Joe Kuharich took over the Redskins in the mid-'50s. The Redskins themselves still remember that ill-famed "Sadistic Sunday"—the first official press day at the practice field when all the news photographers were on hand to watch Joe put his boys through their paces and only five players were still on their feet when the session was done.

Now a large, massive man of 220 pounds displacement and a terse, direct manner, Joe is already showing the strain of the tight ship he plans to run at Notre Dame. Since taking over in January, he has flown more than

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

60,000 miles delivering speeches to alumni groups, presided over countless screening sessions during which he and his staff of seven assistants (three of them from the Redskins) have sifted some 600 reels of films showing promising young high school footballers. Besides combing the high schools for future talent, Joe keeps his staff endlessly busy sifting every inch of film from Notre Dame's own games of the last season. "I can't get football off my mind," he says. "Even at night when I'm sitting trying to talk to my wife Madelyn I'm still mulling over plays and trying to analyze how my opponents will react to this formation or that."

Despite this single-mindedness, however, Joe Kuharich deeply represents the insinuation that he is too

professional. "Some people," he says, "think the pros play just for money. Well, let me tell you that without a real love for the game, nobody can be great. The toil and effort are too much. Money can't pay for them. At Notre Dame I want only the best of the best to be my football players."

Before practice began this week, Joe told the players themselves: "I want your conduct both on and off the field to be impeccable. The work is going to be hard; you'll spend long and grueling hours on Cartier Field. That is the price you must pay to be a Notre Dame player. It is the greatest challenge any of you has ever faced."

It seemed evident that the kid who once dreamed of becoming head coach at Notre Dame had no intention of letting them flub that challenge.

RAMAC Is Ready

THE WINTER TRIALS at Squaw Valley this March were a time of test and reconnaissance for many a stranger expected back next year for the Olympics. One of the most promising of all was a character called RAMAC; full name, IBM RAMAC 305, an 8,925-pound calculator, worth \$189,950, which International Business Machines has lent for the Squaw Valley Olympics. Along with RAMAC came seven directing spirits, the chief of them a tall University of California graduate named Selmes Paul Funkhouser, who loves his machines so much that his hands shake when he talks about it. At least they did at the March trials as he explained why he and RAMAC were there.

"A year and a half ago the Olympic Committee asked IBM what we could do for the Games. We decided scoring was where we could help most. Do you know anything about figure skating? It can take six hours to figure out all those points. At Cortina it took them two and a half hours to figure out the ski jumping scores. And in Squaw Valley next year there are going to be 1,000 newsmen, 600 of them in the foreign press corps, and all waiting for these scores."

With RAMAC, they won't have to wait long. RAMAC will give the scores instantly, pausing to think no more than a split second and forgetting nothing. In fact, since it was born two and a half years ago, RAMAC has never forgotten anything it has been told—unless it was told to forget.

RAMAC's brain is divided into two parts. There is a processing unit, a magnetic drum that whirls at 6,000 rpm. Then there is the memory system, a stack of 50 metal disks covered with a material very like the tape on a home recording machine. Memory whirls at 1,200 rpm.

When you ask the machine a question by punching its keyboard or poking a card into a slot, Processing takes first crack at the question. If Processing doesn't know what to do, it asks Memory. If Memory doesn't know either, the machine acts like any

continued



"Can you direct me to the bridle path, sir?"

Get set for a new thrill when you drive on Golden Arrow tires. Here is nimbleness like you've never known before. Spirited getaway, smooth cornering, quick, safe stops. If you love the feel of a car under your complete control, see your Mohawk dealer. Tell him you want a set of Golden Arrows now!

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

good soldier and replies via its automatic printing device that it is an IBM RAMAC 305 from Reno, Nevada—in other words its name, rank and serial number. On the other hand, if Memory knows—and likely it does, since Memory has absolute recall on anything up to 3 million characters or about one million words—then Memory tells Processing what to do.

Suppose, for instance, the ski jump is going on, with an entry of 50 contestants. It is near the end of the



second and final jumping round, and Lars Schmidt has just jumped 89 meters, with point scores from the five judges of 18½, 18, 18½, 16 and 19½. A keyboard operator punches all this into the machine. Then Funkhouser pokes in a card that says, in effect, "How is the jump coming?" Processing relays the question to Memory, and Memory replies something like this: "Record the length of the jump in meters. Convert meters to feet. Then decide whether this is the longest, second longest, etc., jump so far, and score the jump on a maximum of 60 for the longest. Then take the five judges' scores on style, throw out the high and low, add the other three together, add the total to the jumping points, add this total to Schmidt's previous jump and decide who is ahead. If this is the best jump, or the second best, or whatever, change the points and positions of everyone who hasn't done as well. Then print up the answer for Mr. Funkhouser." Within 10 seconds Processing has done it—finished—for the top 10 jumpers.

If the jumping event is now over, Funkhouser pokes in another card, asking the machine to please print up 250-word biographies of the five best jumpers including what he told the machine that morning about Schmidt having been a Hungarian freedom fighter. The machine does so, all on duplicating stencil paper; and within 10 minutes each of the 1,000 men in

the press corps has a copy of the results and the biographies.

Next year, when the machine at Squaw Valley grows up, it will have a 10-million-character memory instead of a mere 5 million. And besides printing the results in English (the home language) and French (the official Olympic language), it will punch out a special teletypewriter tape which automatically transmits the results to spectator centers, news centers and newsmen's living quarters in the surrounding towns.

Perhaps a calculator that can do all this should be praised and then destroyed before it learns too much. Then again, perhaps RAMAC should be spared, because its operators are quite human, and RAMAC itself is, after all, a very human-type machine.

"Sometimes people leave messages on it," said Funkhouser. "One time we asked it something, and the message came out, 'My name is' whatever her name was. 'My measurements are 37-26-37. My phone number is so and so. Call me.' And other messages."

Like go chase yourself?

"Yeah, that could happen too. Also, once, somebody left the windows open and when we tried RAMAC, it was frozen up. I guess you could say it caught cold."

One human frailty the machine does not possess, however, is the fac-

ulty for error. Once told, it never, never makes a mistake.

Never?

"Well," said Funkhouser, "the machine can make a mistake. After all it's a machine. But I'd say it's extremely unlikely."

'Some Day,' California

AFTER what Victor Denny, president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, termed "the most exhaustive study of the situation ever made," the USLTA administrative committee picked the same old location for the Davis Cup Challenge Round in August: the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y. A couple of other sites, Denny said, were seriously considered, including the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Calif. and the cozy little (28,000 seats) football stadium at Boston College, which has no running track and therefore brings the crowd closer than usual to the players.

But though there are grand good reasons for staging the Davis Cup defense in California (SI, March 30), the USLTA cautiously chose not to do so. The most encouraging news is that the administrative committee struggled bravely to get out of its rut before settling comfortably back into it for a while longer. Forest Hills, said Denny, was in the end the unanimous choice of the committee because 1) holding the challenge round there would cost about half as much (\$40,000) as holding it in the Rose Bowl, where grass courts and special seats would have to be installed and then removed; 2) for television, matches played in the East would fit the time zones better than matches from the West; and 3) Davis Cup Captain Perry Jones, 70, who lives in Los Angeles, could not be asked to take on the responsibility of managing the event itself as well as the U.S. team.

But President Denny acknowledged the strong claims of California, which produces much of the top-grade tennis that is consumed, so to speak, in the East. "Those people," he said—meaning Californians—"are entitled to a major event and some day they'll get it."

END



Open Letter to Almost Any Baseball Team

"Wait till next year"—
We heard you shout it;
Well, this is next year,
So WHAT ABOUT IT?

—IRWIN L. SPRIN



My second most prized possession

Cyril Ritchard's most prized possession is half a ream of well-thumbed-over paper—the script for his latest Broadway hit, "The Pleasure of His Company."

His second most prized possession, *The Soukborough* by RCA Victor, brings up a subject dear to our heart: The Pleasure of Color TV's Company.

Actor-Director Ritchard knows good theater, the value of an appealing, sparkling production. That is why he thinks Color TV is marvelous. And this is our thinking, too. Color TV is marvelous. Different, exciting, enjoyable, beautiful. It is the best

television there is. No less. And that is why RCA Victor Color TV keeps making a place for itself with more and more people like Cyril Ritchard. People who lead the colorful life.

If your interest in Color TV has been kindled, your dealer will be glad to fan the flames with a demonstration. See for yourself how easy it is to tune, what a fine black-and-white picture you get, what a wonderful difference color can make. Then choose a set for yourself, at prices from \$495.

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Know the real joy of good living...

It's nice to know you can enjoy the best wherever you are. Schlitz—within reach of all—is one of life's most refreshing pleasures.



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz !



VLADIMIR SINIYAVSKY (SECOND FROM LEFT) WATCHES AS OKLAHOMA'S GOVERNOR PRESENTS FLAG TO RUSSIAN WRESTLERS

THE U.S. ACCORDING TO VLADIMIR

THANKS to air travel, the young Russian visitor saw a few oddly assorted bits of the United States: New York City, plus some towns in Oklahoma: Tulsa, Norman, Stillwater. He was Vladimir Sinyavsky, one of the eight Soviet wrestlers who visited this country last year under a sports exchange agreement sponsored in this country by the U.S. State Department. Writing for *Pravda Ukrainy*, which, interestingly enough, means Ukrainian Truth, Vladimir offered glimpses of a U.S. which any American would recognize—and some right out of never-never land.

Vladimir, a factory worker at home, was one of the shyest and quietest of the visiting wrestlers—a blond boy who smiled often but paid careful, solemn attention to everything that was shown him. Like his teammates, he was astonished by the size and clamor of New York, delighted by volleyball, which the Russians played for the first time in the Tulsa YMCA, and puzzled by chewing gum. He liked most of the sports facilities he saw, and "the American wrestlers—those cheerful, simple fellows—left a very good impression." Furthermore, said Vladimir, "in every city, on every street, we were approached by unknown people who shook hands

with us and smiled, pronouncing badly such Russian words as 'peace,' 'friendship' and 'good.'"

But could the folks back home in the Ukraine be left with such an amiable account of the U.S.? Apparently Vladimir—or conceivably someone who took Vladimir's pencil out of his hand—thought not. For Vladimir's description of New York interrupts itself in tone and spirit for what might be called a message from the sponsor:

"Somehow we felt sorry for these simple American people at the thought that at the same time, several blocks away in Wall Street, their countrymen were sitting and concocting vicious plans against the Soviet people. . . . We were struck by the accumulation of cars on the New York streets and the lines of big fellows carrying placards reading 'I Seek Work' on their backs; by giant skyscrapers and the homeless who sleep in the parks.

"The Port of New York had a very depressing effect upon us, after it was explained to us that its territory is considered international and that, therefore, women who have no dollars with which to pay the tax collected in New York for the birth of a child come here to give birth."

Vladimir, you (or was it your sponsor?) got a few things badly wrong. Even Robert Wagner, New York's tax-desperate mayor, has not thought of a birth tax. But you got a good many things right.

The bits of incomprehension and hostility in Vladimir's report are hardly surprising—they are the very things these U.S.-Soviet athletic exchanges are meant to eliminate. In June, American wrestlers are due to return the visit of the Russians. (Just which American wrestlers will be decided this month in Stillwater, Okla.) We offer Vladimir's curious report on the U.S. as a reminder to these young men and to the country that sends them that in Russia they, too, may find some things they will fail to comprehend. And we offer it in the hope that they will reach a final estimate like that with which Vladimir Sinyavsky signs off in his little piece in *Ukrainian Truth*, after the sponsor's message has been dutifully disposed of. On boarding the plane for home, Vladimir related, he asked himself what was the best thing he was taking back: "For some reason the prizes won on the mat and the gifts received in Oklahoma were forgotten. Before my eyes, instead, were the smiling faces of Americans." **END**

HERE, *beginning with a few ideas on what one can expect in 1959, Sports Illustrated presents its fifth annual preview of the major league season, with pictures in both color and black and white, scouting reports, schedules, statistics and features*

THEY CALL IT BASEBALL

by ROY TERRELL

DOWN THROUGH the years since 1920 the New York Yankees have won 24 American League pennants, six times bunching them in clusters of three or more in a row. In some circles this might be viewed with consternation. The American League, however, is not that kind of a circle. Outside of a few rugged souls like Frank Lane and Paul Richards and Al Lopez and Bill Veeck—whose dismay is only semiofficial—the fact that the Yankees are almost certain to win again in 1959, hands down, is hardly something to incite alarm.

In the National League, on the other hand, where the Milwaukee Braves have won the pennant for the past two years, there has been a great deal of bustle and scurrying about. The Pirates and Giants and Reds and Dodgers and Cards and Phillies—in fact, everyone but the Cubs, who were so happy with their fifth-place tie last year that they hesitate to rock the boat—have been trading away, one with the other, in an attempt to land on top of the heap. For in the National League, where no one has won three straight since the Cardinals in the war years of 1942-44, domination is a nasty word. It is long past time, they figure over there, to knock off the Braves.

And so the stage is set for the 1959 season. The American League has a new president (Joe Cronin), a new club owner (Veeck), new general managers at Boston (Bucky Harris), Detroit (Rick Ferrell) and Baltimore (Lee MacPhail)—and the same old Yankees. The American League has something else that the National does not—all the ingredients for a miracle. That is what it will probably take to beat New York this year.

The White Sox remain a good ball club and they still

*continued
on page 36*

Photographed by John G. Zimmerman

*The poetry of baseball action, when grace veils power,
is personified by Wes Covington and Bob Skinner*



1



2



3



Defending perfectly against one of baseball's classic plays—a drag bunt by a fleet left-handed batter—

4



5



6



Catcher Yogi Berra reacts with speed and grace and professional calm. His hard throw caught the runner

have Al Lopez, who has never finished lower than second. They can run like the dickens and field and throw and the Chicago pitching figures to be good, although certainly no better than before. But they hit only singles and not enough of those, and you don't beat the Yankees without scoring runs.

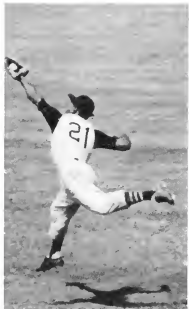
Boston has hitting—although perhaps they depend too much on Ted Williams and Vic Wertz—and a pitching staff that has been impressive this spring. But the Red Sox are slow and they can't field a lick. Detroit lacks power. Cleveland is hurting in the infield and may have traded away too much pitching in an attempt to patch it up. Baltimore can't hit. Kansas City has only one outstanding big league hitter, Bob Cerv, and Washington is Washington.

The Yankees staggered through the last few months of '58, but compared to the others, their stagger has a way of looking like an all-out run. Without making a move all winter, they may be the most improved team in the American League. With Whitey Ford and Don Larsen throwing hard again, that is all it will take.

In the National League, there should be a whale of a pennant race. Maybe the Braves will win, for they still have the best pitching staff in sight and a world of power in Henry Aaron, Wes Covington, Eddie Mathews and Joe Adcock. But the Braves are going to miss Red

continued





AP Wire Photo



Frantic pursuit and stumbling capture of fly ball by Pirates' Clemente typify day-by-day excitement of NL race

Red Schoendienst, who could make plays like this every day, is gone now and it is the Braves who suffer



*Oh! White Sox problem of no pinch
puzzles new Owner Veeck and Manager Lopez*

THEY CALL IT BASEBALL *continued*

Schoendienst, and this is a matter of quiet inspiration as well as physical ability. Mel Roach could do the job at second base, but Roach is now another in a long line of near-disastrous Milwaukee knee injuries, and no one knows when he will be able to return. The Braves may even send him down to play his way back into shape and try to get by for a while with what is left. But without a good second baseman in the absence of Schoendienst and Roach, and with Johnny Logan on his last legs at short, the Braves will be weak down the middle—and this is where pennants are just as well as won.

Who can beat them? Well, the Giants, for one, now that they have added Jack Sanford and Sam Jones to a pitching staff which seemed to be the one major weakness in sight last year. There is no question that the Giants have the most impressive set of young muscles in the league, with Mays, Cepeda, Brandt, Spencer, Alou, Wagner and the rest, plus a tight defense and spirit and speed to match.

The Pirates too, appear perfectly capable of finishing first, with the best-balanced lineup around. This, too, is a hungry young team, and it proved in the second half of the '58 season that it could win. With an

outstanding defense, very fine pitching and enough sharp hitting to get by, all the Pirates lack is power.

The Dodgers have moved in the right field fence at the Coliseum—which shouldn't hurt Duke Snider a bit—their defense is sound and the lineup is full of hitters. With that young pitching staff almost certain to improve, Los Angeles is not going to finish anywhere near seventh again.

The Reds, who lack only pitching to look good at every position, will be tough, too, and there are days when the Cardinals and Cubs and Phillies can beat anybody. Last year Philadelphia finished 23 games out of first place, which is the second closest eighth-place finish in the history of baseball.

Both leagues will be fun in 1959 because of the presence of some new faces; not brand-new, exactly, but new enough that they will be watched very closely by everyone for the first time. Excluding those still-young but proven athletes like Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle and Ernie Banks and Henry Aaron, who are already in the superstar class, the list of outstanding young players is a long one. The American League has only Rocky Colavito, who could be one of the game's great power hitters, and perhaps the new Yankee catcher, Elston Howard. But the National League is loaded with youngsters who have played enough to establish themselves as the big stars of the future. Some of these are Bob Skinner and Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates, Harry Anderson of the Phils, Orlando Cepeda of the Giants, Ken Boyer and Joe Cunningham of the Cardinals and Wes Covington of the Braves.

There are some old faces that are about to disappear, too. Neither Ted Williams nor Stan Musial looks too good this spring and perhaps this is the last we will see of these two great hitters as regulars in the lineup. Sal Maglie is apparently through. Yogi Berra has lost his job and will be a part-time player. Virgil Trucks is unwanted. Larry Doby is a question mark. Vic Wertz has come back before but he is older now and it will be tough. It is always sad to see the truly good ones fade away.

Since spring training began and the ballplayers took some of the type away from the front offices, there has been less talk than before in the councils of the mighty about three leagues or two 10-team leagues. But cities like Minneapolis and Houston and Toronto—and New York—are still talking, incessantly, and the talk will grow louder as the minor leagues lose fans, more and more, to the telecasts of major league games. Expansion is coming and the season of 1959 may show that it should come right now.

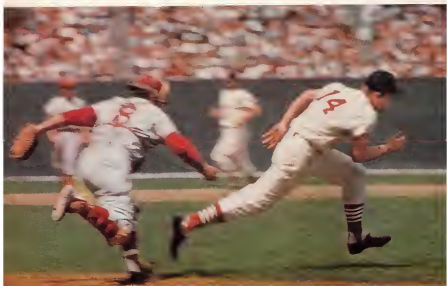
It is time for a new season, and 1959 should be a good season. The National League could have a pennant race that baseball fans will talk about for years to come. They will talk about the American League pennant race even longer—if someone can just beat the Yankees. Maybe they will. It's a funny game—and a good one. They call it baseball.

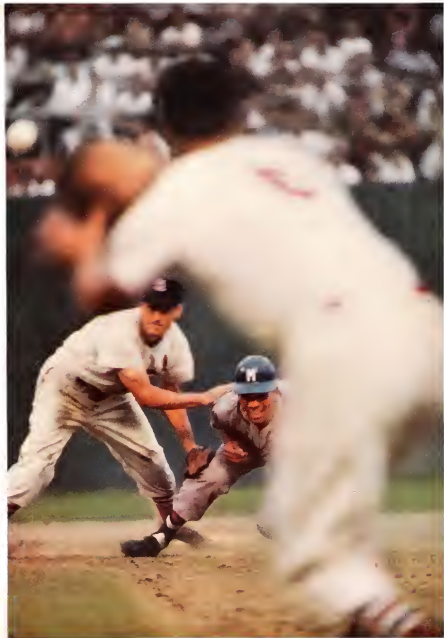
*Whiplash right arm of Jim
Bunning sends high hard one toward
plate and start of another season*

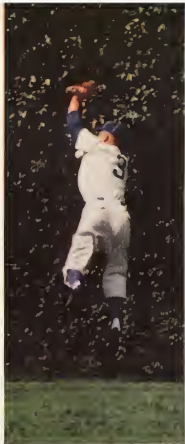
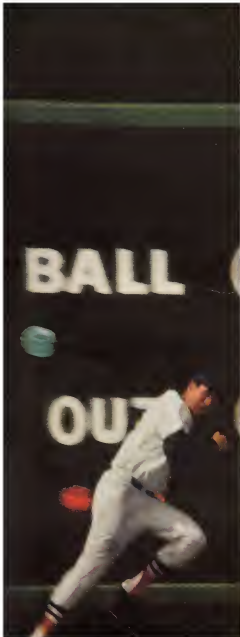




*The flow of action
takes many forms
on the bases—a
jarring crash at
second, a swift
dash from home, a
quick relay
to first on
a double play*







*The solitary action
of man chasing ball
occurs in the outfield—
Williams sprinting,
a Cub climbing a wall*

Photographs by Richard Mook

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your next empty cigarette pack to Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N.Y. Do it now! (Offer expires August 30, 1959 at midnight.)

The Umpire:

GENIUS OR SHOWBOAT?

Frank Dascoli has been criticized and laughed at, but nearly everyone admits he is the best umpire in the National League

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

I WOULD LIKE to make a statement," said Frank Dascoli, rising to his full height of 6 feet 3 inches. Dascoli, a fierce-looking man, well over 200 pounds, with thinning black hair, dark eyes and heavy brows, began pacing the floor, his long, thick forefinger wagging in the air as he spoke. Mr. Dascoli is an umpire.

"You can quote me on this. Your magazine has been very unfair to me in the past. During the Bobby Bragan incident two years ago, you made me look like the villain. No one came to me and asked for my side of the story. Then you printed that umpires' score card showing how many players we'd thrown out of games.

"Now write this down," Dascoli shouted. "Baseball is a professional business. Men make their living at it. Naturally they'll react to an adverse decision. But profane language, showmanship and overprotecting I will not condone. Absolutely not! Strict control of the game, that is 65% of umpiring. Ballplayers respect an umpire who has control of the game. Once a player knows who is boss out there, there's no trouble."

Dascoli's voice was now a roar. "I'm going to tell you something," he went on. "The names at the top of that score card of yours are the guys who are working. The others are just along for the ride. If Bill Klem were around, he'd lead that list. That's why that score card of yours is unfair. You realize this now."

Having finished for the moment, Dascoli sank down in his chair and took a deep breath through tightly clenched teeth. Then he smiled and said softly, "We don't like to eject

players. We only want to use it in the final analysis."

Dascoli's dedication to "control of the game" has made him a controversial figure. Bobby Bragan, who once offered Dascoli and his team of

umpires a sip of orange soda during a game, complained that Dascoli was quick to anger, especially in his case. Others agree. "He's looking for trouble," complains one general manager. Says another critic, "Frank Dascoli has no sense of humor about the job. It's all meat and potatoes to him. He is that master of the majestic thumb-out. He looks like he was posing for a statue. He seems ready, willing, even anxious, to throw you out."

Because his style is flamboyant,

IN FRONT OF HIS FATHER'S SHOESHOP, FRANK DASCOLI ENJOYS THE OFF SEASON



Dascoli takes an unmerciful riding from the dugout. Hot dog, showboats, rabbit ears and hi ho Silver are some of the more gentle—and printable—barbs yelled his way.

Hi ho Silver stems from a story that Dascoli, at a party Leo Durocher gave in Arizona a few years ago, spent 20 minutes trying to persuade Gary Cooper to give him a part in his next western. He failed.

Eddie Mathews, Milwaukee's third baseman, tells of the 1957 All-Star Game, when Dascoli was working third base. After a particularly bad call at the plate, Dascoli was heard to announce, "Well, they can't all be Dascolis."

The very mention of Dascoli's name brought one National League publicity man to his feet.

"Look," he said, "I'm Dascoli." He then took a stance behind an imaginary catcher, called an elaborate strike, and began pulling at his sleeves and looking behind him to where the box seats would be. "That's Dascoli," he said. "Always tugging at those sleeves, striking the pose, looking around to see who's looking at him. You should have seen him in Los Angeles last year with all those movie stars around." There was a pause, and then the man added, "He's a hell of an umpire, though."

Ballplayers judge umpires, for the most part, on their work around home plate, and it is here that Dascoli excels. His movements are graceful, made with artistry. As he sets himself for the pitch, he crouches forward at a 45° angle, one leg bent, the other dragged out behind him. One hand rests on each knee. His head is almost parallel with the catcher's ("You want the glove?" catchers have asked him) so that he is never blocked out. As the pitch comes in Dascoli shifts his weight back, weaving with the ball, following it into the catcher's glove. Then he makes his decision.

"Dascoli calls a consistently good game," says one National League player. "Some umpires call consistently bad games, but even that is better than umpires who vary. Then you don't know what to expect. But Dascoli is always good. In fact, the best."

A pitcher's wife adds this thought: "When my husband is pitching, I always listen closely to who's umpiring the plate. If it's Dascoli I know we're in good hands."

Frank Dascoli was born in Canterbury, Conn. in 1913, the second of

... Hereafter, then, as a public service, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents Bounce Standings, an accurate account of this season's umpiring activity to last week. The figures do not include six American League and nine National League players who were expelled automatically from games for fighting, but only those who personally roused the ire of the ump and saw his thumb.

Umpiring Team	AMERICAN LEAGUE	
	Number Bounced	P. C. (P. of all men bounced)
Paparella	12	.464
Roemer	7	.250
Stronach	4	.143
Berry	4	.143
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Dascoli	27	.560
Gentians	8	.167
Hahnemann	7	.146
Condon	6	.125

BOUNCE STATISTICS showed Dascoli's team of umpires leading comfortably.

three sons of Michael and Mary Dascoli. When Frank was 4 the family moved to nearby Danielson, where Michael Dascoli began work in a shoeshop. He is still there today, the town cobbler for over 40 years.

As his sons grew up Michael Dascoli taught them to be gentlemen.

"He was strict," Frank recalls. "He taught us to respect teachers, policemen and our elders. We had to address anyone older than ourselves as mister. If we didn't, we were whipped."

"I can remember when I bought my first felt hat. My father went

along with me and helped me pick it out. Then he gave me a 30-minute lecture on when to remove it."

After high school and a year at prep school, Frank began doing recreational work around the Danielson area. Part of the work included umpiring high school and sandlot games at \$1 a game. Frank cannot remember throwing anyone out in those days. Although he enjoyed umpiring then, he gave no thought to making it his profession.

During World War II Frank was in the Coast Guard, stationed in New England. There were plenty of baseball games, and Frank umpired them. It was then that he decided to follow umpiring as a career.

He was discharged in 1945, too late for the baseball season. He returned to recreational work. Early in 1946 Dascoli mailed out letters to several minor league presidents. Did they need an umpire, inexperienced but enthusiastic? Yes, said the Eastern Shore League, and Frank went to work for them at \$185 a month, plus \$75 a month living expenses.

Dascoli went up the ladder two rungs at a time. From the Eastern Shore, a Class D league, he went, that first season of 1946, to the Canadian-American League, Class C. The following season he was promoted to the International League, Triple-A.

It was in the spring of 1948 that Dascoli met Larry Goetz, the veteran National League umpire. Frank was

continued



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BOEING

THE UMPIRE continued

ordered to report to Ciudad Trujillo, where the Dodgers were training, to work exhibition games. It was suggested that he look up Goetz, who was also there.

"It was the turning point," says Dascoli. "I paged Goetz, he greeted me and insisted I stay at the same hotel. Then we started talking about umpiring."

At breakfast and at dinner Goetz lectured the young umpire. They took long walks in the warm spring evenings, down to the sea and back, going over the day's work and what Dascoli had done wrong. Goetz told him about positioning and timing, told him that he shouldn't make his call too soon. He made Frank move up closer to the catcher and strikes, which he considered too showy.

As far as Dascoli is concerned, there was never an umpire like Goetz. "He taught me more in one month than I had learned in two years. He was a man of great principle. He refused to umpire All-Star Games because we don't get paid. He was right. We should get paid. After all, it's work. But refusing to work the games got him in trouble with Warren Giles, president of the National League. They'll tell you he retired, but they made him resign."

Dascoli returned to Triple-A, but on July 4, 1948 he was promoted to the National League.

"Someone got hurt—I forget who—and I was told to report to Shibe

Park in Philadelphia. The Phillies were playing a double-header against the Boston Braves. I worked at third base and was scared as hell. Luckily I was with Goetz. I didn't have a tough call all day."

One afternoon, three years later, Dascoli did have a tough call. He made it, and the people of Brooklyn may never forget it.

It was September 27, 1951, and the Dodgers were playing the Braves in Boston. Late in the game Dascoli called a sliding Brave safe at the plate. Roy Campanella, the catcher, whirled in rage and slammed his mask to the ground. As it hit, Dascoli threw Campanella out of the game. Dodgers charged the plate and surrounded Dascoli. There was a pennant at stake, and the Dodgers were incensed that as important a player as Campanella should be thrown out. Finally the game was continued and the Dodgers lost by that one run. In the ninth inning, with a runner on second, Campanella would have been up. The defeat dropped the Dodger lead to half a game over the New York Giants, who eventually beat them on Bobby Thomson's home run.

Today Frank Dascoli regards that play as his biggest. "It made my career," he says. "It showed that under pressure I could control the game. Campanella violated a rule and I had to remove him. And when the bench started to get out of hand, I cleared them out, too."

Every year, when the season is over, Frank Dascoli returns to Danielson, where he is the town's leading

MOST IMPORTANT play of Dascoli's career occurred in September of 1951. Dascoli called sliding Brave safe at plate, costing Dodgers, who were fighting for pennant, the game. At left, Catcher Roy Campanella whirls in disbelief at decision. At right, Dascoli gives Campy the heave-ho after catcher slammed his mask to ground.



celebrity and, at 45, its most eligible bachelor. On a stroll along the main street he is greeted by everyone, old ladies and high school boys, town selectmen and the traffic cop. Frank returns all greetings cordially.

Each winter Dascoli talks baseball at a luncheon with a group of high-ranking Hartford businessmen whom he has met through his old friend Lyonel Putnam. This year the lunch was held at the Hartford Club in February. Dascoli made the 40-minute drive to Hartford and met Mr. Putnam, a wiry man in his 50s with bright red cheeks and sparkling eyes, in his office at Putnam & Co.

"Just let me get my hat and coat," said Putnam, jumping up from his desk. "We can walk to the club."

"Lyonel has been a good friend," Frank explained. "He's tipped me off on some good investments. Lyonel's from Danielson. Went to Yale."

Lyonel Putnam returned, hat in hand. "Ready?" he asked. Dascoli followed Putnam out.

At the Hartford Club Frank shed his coat and galoshes. He looked about him, at the soft leather couches and easy chairs, the mahogany woodwork and heavy carpets.

"Nice, isn't it?" he whispered. "I'm not a member here, but I have access."

Upstairs, in one of the private eating rooms, the businessmen gathered, dressed in dark suits and vests. Dascoli shook hands with each. He was wearing a pale blue suit with a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece in the

confused



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CARDS' KEN ROYER GETS DASCOLI WARNING TO STOP ARGUING OR ELSE

THE UMPIRE continued

lapel, an initialed white shirt and a red tie. On his hand he wore the walnut-sized World Series ring, a souvenir of 1953.

Lyonel Putnam produced a watch from his vest pocket, clicked it open and glanced at it.

"We might as well start," he said.

For the next hour and 20 minutes, while the businessmen ate their crab meat, lobster and chocolate ice cream, Frank Dascoli discussed baseball. He leaned back in his chair. He leaned forward. Sometimes, for emphasis, he rammed his large forefinger into the white tablecloth. His voice grew as the minutes passed. Occasionally there would be a question: "How good is George Witt?" or "How is Frank Robinson's arm?" But mostly they remained silent and

listened, fascinated, like boy scouts before the scoutmaster. Dascoli dominated the room.

Finally, Lyonel Putnam produced his watch and said, "Gentlemen, it's time to return to work." The businessmen shook hands with Frank and left. "That was a lot of fun," said Putnam. "You know, we all look forward to this every year. Thank you." Putnam departed.

Readying to leave, Frank Dascoli pointed to where the businessmen had been sitting. "They're pretty good Joes, aren't they? You know, I've been in their homes."

Downstairs, Dascoli took one more look around the club, then pushed outside into the cold.

The following day Frank Dascoli was in his father's shoeshop in Durham, N. C. On one wall was a sequence

continued



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Photos by
Tom Kelley and
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THE UMPIRE continued

shot of the disputed Campanella play.

"You'll notice," pointed out Frank, "that the throw is off to the right. Campy had to reach out and then back." Dascoli laughed. "My mother doesn't understand baseball. The day after that play she said to someone, 'I don't know what Frank did, but it must have been something wonderful. His picture has been in all the papers.'"

"I'll tell you how tough a job an umpire has. When I got back home that year a guy comes up to me and says, 'Frank, you blew that call, I saw it. I was 10 feet away.' I asked the guy how he could have been sitting 10 feet away when the box seats were at least 40 feet away? I was watching on television," the guy says.

Dascoli put on his overcoat. "Come on," he said, "I'll show you around the town and introduce you to some people. Don't worry about your car. The police chief is a friend of mine."

Frank stopped in front of an old building. "I want you to meet Bob Payne, Superintendent of Schools."

Payne, a slight-looking man with glasses, was glad to see Frank. For five minutes they discussed the old days at Killingly High. Payne was in the class below Frank and recalled the thrill of traveling to Storrs, Conn. to watch Frank and Tony Dascoli win the state basketball championship for Killingly.

As Dascoli rose to leave Bob Payne announced suddenly, "I would like to say something. This great honor that has come to Frank has not affected him one bit up here." He touched his head. Dascoli beamed. "Thank you for those words, Bob," he said.

In his car Frank toured the Connecticut countryside and then headed back home. On the way he passed some of the town's finer houses.

"We used to live in a nice house," he said. "Then the family deteriorated all at once. Mike, my younger brother, went into the Air Force; Tony got married; I went into baseball. Now my father, mother and I live in an apartment."

At the Dascolis' apartment Mrs. Dascoli was preparing dinner. Frank sitting in his room, thumbed through the *National League Umpire's Handbook*. On the cover was a motto: "Quick to think, slow to anger." Inside there was another: "Keep the game, the players and yourself UNDER CONTROL."

On the bureau were some autographed baseballs. There were pictures on the walls: Frank making a call, Frank with players, Frank with other umpires. There was one showing a youthful Frank standing next to a car bearing the Connecticut license plate: UMP.

"I got those plates on my car when I first became a major league umpire," he explained. "But I had to get rid of them. Kids kept dropping dirt and pebbles down my gas tank."

"The umpire's job is tough enough, but what makes it even harder is the basic lack of respect for authority



CONTROLLING GAME, Dascoli orders Curt Raydon to cease his bean-ball tactics.

that exists in the world today. Take teachers. When I was a kid, if there was trouble between the teacher and the pupil the parent backed up the teacher. Today he backs up his kid. 'It can't be my kid's fault,' he says. No respect for authority. People don't respect policemen or even, in many places, the government. So when they come out to the ball park, why should they respect the umpire?

"The booing and abuse used to get me down. It's no fun having people laugh when you get hit by a line drive or a foul tip. It's discouraging to have guys yelling at you for nine innings. But you get so you can take it.

"I know they make fun of me. They think I'm a showboat. Well, when I'm on the field, I don't care what they call me just as long as they add, 'But he's a good umpire.'"

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1959 SCOUTING REPORTS

Compiled by Les Woodcock

ANALYSIS OF ALL MAJOR LEAGUE CLUBS

STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES

THE BIG QUESTION MARKS

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR EACH TEAM





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Even in an inflationary economy there is no safer and better return on your money than the 40¢ profit you get in the fall from the dollar you bet in the spring that the Yankees will win the pennant. New York will win again in 1959

STRONG POINTS You name it, and the Yankees have it—in more abundance than anyone else in the American League. Consider pitching. Maybe the top three of some teams are as good as Ford, Turley and Larsen. But who can follow with the likes of Duke Maas, Art Ditmar, Tom Sturdivant and Bobby Shantz—and still have a Ryne Duren lounging in the bullpen? (The Yankees led the league in ERA with a low 3.22.) Is there a better pitcher than Whitey Ford, the stylish left-hander? (Of all pitchers in the majors, he has the best won-and-lost record, 165-40, and the lowest ERA,

2.59.) Bob Turley, one of the early-to-bed Yankees, became the winningest pitcher in the league when he learned to mix a good curve with his fast ball. That splendid athlete, Don Larsen, has yet to realize his full pitching talents over an entire season because of various injuries. The others are dependable starters who can be called upon to relieve. And if all else fails, there's always Ryne Duren, who throws the hardest ball in baseball for an inning or two. With all this pitching, the Yankees really don't need too much hitting, but they have a barrelful of that, too. In spite of a late-



NEW YORK YANKEES

season slump the team led the league in batting average, hits, runs, home runs, total bases and runs batted in. When Yogi Berra slowed down, Elston Howard stepped up and hit .314. But don't forget that Berra, in a bad year for him, still hit 22 homers and drove in 90 runs. He won't be sitting on the bench very often. Mickey Mantle disappointed a lot of folks by not batting .400 or breaking Babe Ruth's home-run record. But he's capable of doing it sometime, if he ever puts his mind to it. Tough Hank Bauer at 36 is still one of the roughest hitters in baseball with the winning run on base, and young Norm Siebera, despite his World Series setbacks, as a .300-hitting left fielder. Bill Skowron, Gil McDougald and Tony Kubek had poor years, but the Yankee attack didn't hurt too much. Also, where are there two better part-time third basemen than Andy Carey and Jerry Lumpe? That isn't all; the Yankees have speed, both outfield and on the bases, and a tight defense that forces the other team to make the mistakes. Their depth and versatility are unmatched. Casey Stengel can take Berra, Howard, McDougald, Kubek, Lumpe and Bobby Richardson, the dandy utility infielder, and mix them around to suit his fancy.

WEAK SPOTS This may sound facetious, but there just aren't any. Oh, sure, Casey says he'd like another pitcher, but every manager says that automatically. And he claims he could use another outfielder. Don't feel sorry for Casey.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The Yankee team is the toughest to crack in baseball, yet every year one or more rookies are eased onto the squad. It's going to be a little tougher this year, though. Frits Brickell, the sparkplug infielder with the sure hands, may stay around for a while, at least until Tony Kubek gets back into shape after his Army tour, and he could stay longer if he hits. Deron Johnson, who is built like Mantle and hits like him (at least in the spring) but doesn't

run or throw like him, is probably another year or two away. The only rookies with a good chance of staying all season are a tall, 26-year-old catcher named John Blanchard, whose options are used up, and Jim Bronstad, a pitcher. Blanchard, a power hitter, will have to wait his turn in the Yankee Stadium bullpen until Berra or Howard wears out. Bronstad, a lanky right-hander, is from Texas. He spent last season with Richmond under the watchful eye of Eddie Lopat and compiled a 13-13 record.

THE BIG IF'S Probably the worst thing that could happen to this well-balanced team would be for the players to misjudge the time to relax. It's hard for the Yankees to play at a maximum all the time in a league that offers weak competition. Last year the Yankees coasted through the last half of the season and still won by 10 games. Stengel's toughest job as manager is keeping his team keyed up long enough to clinch the pennant early. Presumably, complacency could become a habit. Ford, Larsen and Sturdivant might have arm trouble again, and Johnny Kucks, a good pitcher a few years back, might be all through. Skowron is accident prone and rarely plays a full schedule, and injuries to a Mantle or a McDougald would hurt, but not critically. Even Ryne Duren might lose his control, or his glasses. There is more than enough depth here, though, to withstand almost anything.

THE OUTLOOK Coach Frankie Crosetti will cash his 10th World Series check and Manager Casey Stengel will handle his 10th pennant winner in his 11 years with the Yankees. Yankee-haters and those obsessed with the club's invincibility are not yet about to witness the crumbling of the dynasty. No matter how pessimistic Casey may sound at times during the season, don't be fooled. He knows he has too much hitting, pitching, speed, defense and depth to be seriously challenged this year.



KUBEK



SIEBERA



CAREY



DITMAR



LARSEN



DUREN

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1969 RECORD
1	BOBBY RICHARDSON	IF	2-17
6	ANDY CAREY	3B	2-6
7	MIKEY MANTLE	CF	10-4
8	YOGI BERRA	C-OF	2-8
9	HAKEE BALKER	RF	2-8
10	FRITZ BRICKELL	IF-OF	2-5
11	JERRY LUMPE	IF	2-4
12	GIL MCDUGALD	IF	2-0
14	BILL MCDOWEN	3B	2-3
17	BOBBY BLANDFORD	CF	2-4
25	RYNE DUREN	LF	2-0
32	ELSTON HOWARD	C-OF	3-14
16	WHITNEY FORD	P	14-7
18	BOB LARSEN	P	9-6
19	BOB TOLBERT	P	2-7
24	BOBIE BARN	P	11-5
26	RYNE DUREN	P	6-9
28	ART DITMAR	P	7-8
30	BOBBY BLANDFORD	P	2-4
42	TONY STURDIVANT	P	3-5

YEAR BY YEAR RECORD

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1958	1	92	62	—
1959	1	94	56	—
1960	1	97	57	—
1961	1	96	58	—
1962	2	100	51	8

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1958 MANTLE 304	TITLER 21-7
1959 MANTLE 345	STURDIVANT 16-6
1960 MANTLE 333	FORD 18-4
1961 MANTLE 306	FORD 18-7
1962 MANTLE 319	OWEN 20-8

HOME BATTED IN	
1958	1962
MANTLE 42	MANTLE 37
MANTLE 34	MANTLE 34
MANTLE 32	MANTLE 33
MANTLE 31	MANTLE 30
MANTLE 27	MANTLE 25

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	MAY	JUNE
WARREN 10,11,12	WASHINGTON 24,4,5	
BALTIMORE 23,24,25	CLEVELAND 14*,15,16	
	DETROIT 17*,18,19	
MAY	JUNE	AUGUST
WASHINGTON 9,10,10	DETROIT 4,5,6	
CLEVELAND 22*,13	KANSAS CITY 7,8,9	
CHICAGO 15*,16	WASHINGTON 12*,13	
KANSAS CITY 17,17	BOSTON 14*,15,16,16	
DETROIT 19*,20		
BOSTON 20*		
BALTIMORE 21*,22		
JUNE	SEPTEMBER	
WASHINGTON 24,25	WASHINGTON 24,25	
	BALTIMORE 4*,5,6	
	KANSAS CITY 7*,13	
	DETROIT 14,15	
	CLEVELAND 22,23	
	CHICAGO 24,25	
	BOSTON 26*,10,20	
	BALTIMORE 27*,28,27	



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PHILLIPS

The White Sox feel that this is the year the Yankees can be beaten. If such a feat is possible, this is the team that can do it, if only someone would start hitting home runs. The rest of the pennant-winning ingredients are all there

STRONG POINTS Al Lopez, the most relaxed manager in baseball, will try once again to prove that incomparable speed, a tight defense and strong pitching can win a pennant. Here is the fastest team in baseball, with just about every regular guaranteed to take the extra base on a hit or steal on a careless pitcher (last season the White Sox stole 101 bases and were caught only 33 times). Sherm Lollar, always a fine handler of pitchers and now the power man of the team, has finally moved ahead of Yogi Berra as the top catcher in the league. Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox perform magic

around second base, and the only thing Fox can't do with his bat is hit home runs. Ranging all over center field is Jim Landis, a fine young man who can run and throw and in his first full season showed he can hit too. Bubba Phillips at third gives the White Sox another good fielder who can run and hit. Backing up everyone in the infield is Billy Goodman, who fields inadequately but always bats .300. A healthy Al Smith in right field could very easily become the valuable player he was just a few years ago when he hit .300 with Cleveland. When it comes to pitching, the White Sox are willing



CHICAGO WHITE SOX

to match their big three of Pierce, Donovan and Wynn against any in the league. And they might be right. For even though Billy Pierce didn't win the 26 games expected of him, his 2.68 ERA was second-best in the league. Dick Donovan, after a horrible start last year (3-10, 4.29 ERA), breezed through the second half at a 12-4, 2.01 ERA pace. Early Wynn, at 39 the American League strikeout king, seems likely to roll on forever.

WEAK SPOTS All the speed, defense and pitching in the world won't help if your team hasn't the power to score runs. And the White Sox just didn't have it last year (they ranked dead last in homers and sixth in runs scored and total bases). Chicago base runners may be able to take all the liberties they want between first and third, but it's awfully tough to steal home. And that's the only way the team will score more runs this season unless more power is found in the lineup. At first base Ray Boone and Earl Torgeson have both seen better days, and Lopez is still waiting for big (6 feet 7 inches, 230 pounds) Ron Jackson to hit the way some people feel he should. Although the first-line pitching is strong enough, the relief work leaves a lot to be desired.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES Disdaining trades this past winter, the White Sox are going all the way with some classy youngsters from the farm system. One of the best anywhere could be 20-year-old John Callison, an extremely talented outfielder who can fly around the bases and, best of all, hits with real power. Jumping from a half season in Class-C ball to Triple-A, he hit .283, knocked in 93 runs and led the league with 29 home runs. Two years ago he was still in high school—today he is the White Sox starting left fielder. Moving ahead of Ray Moore and Bob Shaw into the No. 4 spot on the pitching staff is 22-year-old Barry Latman, a big, strong right-hander with an eye-popping fast ball. During a trial with the White Sox late last season

he won three and lost none, including a three-hit shut-out. Husky home-run hitter John Romano enjoys batting more than catching but, nonetheless, will give Lopez significant depth behind Lollar and Earl Battey. Two lefties, Rodolfo Armas and Don Rudolph, along with right-hander Claude Raymond, a draftee from the Braves' farm system, may be just what's needed to help take the strain off Turk Lown's overworked right arm in the bullpen. Another draftee, Outfielder-Third Baseman Lou Skizas, has never lived up to his hitting potential but this may be the year.

THE BIG IF'S Some extra power has to be found someplace in the lineup if the White Sox are going to challenge the Yankees seriously. If any one of the big first basemen can supply it and Callison comes through in a big way, there'll be runs in Comiskey Park—not a deluge perhaps, but enough to win some of the close ones. If the first basemen fail, and either Romano or Battey hits up to expectations, Lollar may be moved from behind the plate to fill the gap at first. Although Early Wynn doesn't show his age often he is, nonetheless, in his 40th year. Jim Rivera, who used to be one of the most exciting players in baseball, would give the team a big lift if he would get on first base more often. An awful lot is expected of the rookies, and if they don't come through in a big way, Chicago might just as well settle for second again. If they do come through, though, there's no telling what might happen.

THE OUTLOOK The White Sox, after a dreadful start, outplayed the Yankees over the last few months of last season and hopes are high in Chicago that they can play just as well over the full course, for a change. Their speed, defense and pitching are superior. But without punch, if you'll mean a thing against the awesome power of the Yankees. Animosity and confusion in the Sox front office will not help the situation.



CALLISON



TORGESON



PIERCE



DONOVAN



WYNN



LATMAN

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1968 RECORD
1	JOE LADD	LF	.277
2	HELMER FOX	2B	.300
3	BOBBY PHILLIPS	1B	.273
4	BILLY GORDON	IF	.299
7	JIM RIVERA	OF	.225
8	RAY BOONE	1B	.242
9	JOHN CALLISON	LF	(Injured)
10	ANDREW JOLLAR	C	.223
11	LEON ARMSTRONG	SS	.266
12	AL SMITH	B	.252
17	EARL TORGESON	1B	.246
20	JOHN ROMANO	C	(Injured)
26	EARL BATTLEY	C	.226
18	BARRY LATMAN	P	3-9
19	ALAN PIERCE	P	17-81
22	DUKE DONOVAN	P	15-86
24	LARRY WYNN	P	14-89
27	TERRE LOWN	P	3-5
28	RAY MOORE	P	8-7
35	BOB NEASE	P	5-4

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WINS	LOSSES	GAMES BEHIND
1958	2	62	72	10
1959	2	80	65	8
1960	3	85	69	12
1961	3	41	69	8
1962	3	94	60	17

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1960 FOX .300	PIERCE 17-81
1961 FOX .317	PIERCE 20-32
1966 WINGOLD .346	PIERCE 20-9
1962 NOLA .312	PIERCE 15-39
1964 WINGOLD .329	PIERCE 19-32

HOMERUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1958 LOLLAR 20	LOLLAR 65
1957 BOST. RIVERA 18	BOHNSON 103
1960 FOX 24	BUFF 130
1963 PROBY 19	NOLA 81
1964 WINGOLD 19	WINGOLD 116

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game	
APRIL	JULY
KANSAS CITY 14,15,16	CLEVELAND 2*,10*
DETROIT 17,18,19	KANSAS CITY 11,13,12
NEW YORK 20*,21	DETROIT 21*,22,23
	DETROIT 24*,25,26,27
	NEW YORK 28*,29*,30
	WASHINGTON 31*
MAY	
DETROIT 1*,2	
BALTIMORE 3	
WASHINGTON 5,6	
CLEVELAND 7*,8,10,16,20*,27	
DETROIT 28,30,31	
KANSAS CITY 28	
JUNE	
KANSAS CITY 1*	
BALTIMORE 3*,3,4	
DETROIT 5*,6,7,7	
WASHINGTON 20*,21,22	
NEW YORK 23*,27,28,29	
	SEPTEMBER
	DETROIT 3*,2
	CLEVELAND 4*,5,6
	KANSAS CITY 7*,8*
	DETROIT 24*,25,26



IN RED SOX OUTFIELD, FINE-FIELDING JIM BUSBY (CENTER) IS FLANKED BY BATTING CHAMP TED WILLIAMS, MOST VALUABLE PLAYER JACKIE JENSEN



WILLIAMS



JENSEN



MALZONE



RUNNELS



WERTZ



WHITE

Let the small letter **I** represent the American League. The Yankees, of course, are the dot, so the best the Boston Red Sox can hope for is a place near the top of the stem. Much depends on whether life truly begins at 40 for Ted Williams

STRONG POINTS Those who like their baseball games speed with home runs and other assorted hits will get a kick out of the Red Sox this year. It is a team of big hitters. The Sox have Ted Williams, of course, back again in 1959, as he was in 1949, as he was in 1939. Last year his batting average was .328, low for him, yet high enough to win the championship. Jackie Jensen reached flood tide in 1958 with 35 home runs, 122 runs batted in and a Most Valuable Player award. While you don't go around doing that every year, there is no reason why Jensen, at 32, should do an

awful lot worse. In fact, he might do better if Frank Malzone, batting ahead of him, would leave more runners on base. During his two full years in Boston, Frank has driven in 190 runs, more than those other big Ms, Mays, Mathews and Mantle. Up from Washington last year, the Red Sox brought Pete Runnels, and that grateful soul showed his appreciation by hitting .322, second in the league to Williams. Vic Wertz came to Boston this winter in the trade which sent Jim Fiersall to Cleveland. Wertz, at the risk of sounding repetitions, also drives in runs. He has knocked in over 100

four times and, batting fourth behind Williams as Manager Mike Higgins says he will, he should be able to do it once more. That list of Runnels, Williams, Wertz, Jensen and Malone will make summer just that much hotter for opponents. Beeton has three established major league pitchers, three who could make any staff in the league. One is Frank Sullivan, the long (6 feet 7 inches) right-hander, who has averaged 15 wins a year for five seasons. Tom Brewer won 19 games in 1956 and 16 the next year, but last year he had a poor 12-12 record. At 27, he should be better. Ike DeLoek was the best pitcher in baseball through mid-July with a 10-0 record. He finished 14-8.

WEAK SPOTS The Boston defense is enough to break a pitcher's heart. Only at catcher, third base and center field are the Sox dependable. Sammy White can handle pitchers (has there ever been a poor-hitting catcher who couldn't handle pitchers?). Frank Malone sets off fireworks at third. Jim Busby, Gene Stephens and Marty Keough, dime hitters, can collar fly balls, so one of them will play center. Jensen, in right, is off and on, good plays, bad plays. But the rest are awful. Wertz can't cover the ground at first. When Runnels, at second, and Don Buddin, at short, complete a double play, sirens go off all over New England. Buddin, incidentally, has a way of making unbelievable stops and then firing the ball into Row G behind first base. In left, Ted Williams gets what is hit at him, directly at him. When Boston pitchers are being judged, it must be remembered that the burden they bear is heavy. Aside from the three pitchers mentioned earlier, the staff is nondescript. Leo Kiely and Murray Wall relieve (often and reasonably well), left and right. Mike Fornieles, Dave Sisler and someone named Herb Moford will also be seen at Fenway Park.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES Three young pitchers could help the Sox cause a stir in the American League.

Left-hander Ted Bowsfield joined the team after the All-Star Game and beat the Yankees three times ("He throws all them ground balls," Casey Stengel says). Bill Mombouquette, a right-hander, started at mid-season and had a 3-4 record. In 1956, Jerry Casale won 19 games in the Pacific Coast League, then spent the next two years in the Army. This winter he pitched in Venezuela and now the Sox hope he is ready. Elijah Green, known as "Pumpsie," is the first Negro to make the Red Sox roster. Green plays a fine shortstop but has a hitting problem. Last year with Minneapolis he was .253, poor credentials. But then Buddin was .237, so can Pumpsie be much worse? When the Red Sox speak of Haywood Sullivan, the 6-foot 4-inch catcher, they whisper. Twice he has seemed ready to make the team as catcher (easy to do) and twice he has suffered season-killing injuries. Perhaps this year. . . .

BIG IF'S Vic Wertz has also suffered cruel setbacks. Fello bedded him in 1955, but he came back to give Cleveland good years in 1956 and 1957. Last spring he broke an ankle and was out until late July. Now the Red Sox are counting on another Wertz comeback. Ted Williams is 40, and any injury, such as the recent one to his neck, may be his last. Thinking positively, if the three young pitchers, or any one of them, come through and Pumpsie Green can hit, the Sox will be as strong as anyone in the league, save the Yankees.

THE OUTLOOK Last year the *mlsaga* between third place (Boston) and seventh place (Kansas City) was just six games. Jensen had his best year. So did Runnels. Neither is likely to repeat. Williams, who lost 60 points off his 1957 batting average, may discover that life, baseball life, ends at 40. But the addition of Wertz, and the probable improvement of Pitchers Brewer and Sullivan, should serve as a balance. It is likely that the Red Sox will finish as they did last season, well up on the stem.



BUDDIN



STEPHENS



DELOEK



BREWER



SULLIVAN



BOWSFIELD

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
1	LEO LONNAGO	SS	1-5
5	PETE RUNNELS	2B	3-12
6	JACKIE JOHNSON	3B	2-6
8	VIC WERTZ	1B	2-13
9	PETE DABET	C	3-23
9	TED WILLIAMS	LF	3-8
11	FRANK MALONE	3B	2-6
22	BARRY WHITE	C	2-6
24	BOB KENNY	SS	2-11
25	ALICE GERNERT	OF	2-7
26	JIM BUSBY	CF	2-7
28	GEORGE STEPHENS	OF	2-7
14	LEO DELOEK	P	14-8
16	FRANK SULLIVAN	P	12-9
28	MIKE FORNIELES	P	4-6
29	TOM BREWER	P	12-12
23	HERBERT WALL	P	8-9
25	TED BOWSFIELD	P	4-2
29	DAVE SISLER	P	8-9

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	BEHIND
1954	5	29	75	13
1955	8	82	72	15
1956	4	84	70	23
1957	4	84	70	22
1958	4	83	85	42

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1958 WILLIAMS .255	DELOEK 14-8
1957 WILLIAMS .300	BREWER 15-12
1956 WILLIAMS .345	BREWER 15-19
1955 WILLIAMS .356	SULLIVAN 15-13
1954 WILLIAMS .345	SULLIVAN 15-12

HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1958 JOHNSON 25	JOHNSON 122
1957 WILLIAMS 38	JEROME 100
1956 WILLIAMS 24	JOHNSON 91
1955 WILLIAMS 25	JOHNSON 116
1954 WILLIAMS 29	JOHNSON 117

HOME SCHEDULE

—Night game

APRIL	JULY
WASHINGTON 14,15,16	NEW YORK 9 th ,10 th ,11,12
NEW YORK 17,18,19,20	CHICAGO 14 th ,15,16
CLEVELAND 21,22,23	CLEVELAND 17 th ,18,19

MAY	AUGUST
CHICAGO 12 th ,13,14	KANSAS CITY 6 th ,5,6
CLEVELAND 15 th ,16	DETROIT 7 th ,8,9
DETROIT 17,18	NEW YORK 10 th ,11
KANSAS CITY 19 th ,20,21	BALTIMORE 22 nd ,23,20
WASHINGTON 22 nd ,23,24	WASHINGTON 21 st
BALTIMORE 26,20,21	

JUNE	SEPTEMBER
DETROIT 2 nd ,9 th ,10,11	WASHINGTON 1
KANSAS CITY 12 th ,13,14	NEW YORK 2
CLEVELAND 17 th ,18 th ,19,18	DETROIT 9 th ,20
CHICAGO 18 th ,20,21	KANSAS CITY 11 th ,12
	CHICAGO 13,14
	CLEVELAND 15 th ,16
	BALTIMORE 22 nd ,23
	WASHINGTON 25 th ,26,27



AFTER FAILING AT SHORTSTOP FOR DETROIT IN 1956, WILLY MARTIN, THE VAGABOND INFIELDER, IS BACK AT SECOND BASE, THIS TIME FOR CLEVELAND



COLAVITO



MINOSO



NIXON



POWER



PIERSALL



MARTIN

Colavito, Minoso, Piersall, Power and Martin are about as colorful a crew as you will find in baseball. The team as a whole isn't nearly as good as the perpetual second-place finishers of a few years ago, but it's going to be more fun to watch

STRONG POINTS The Indians' outfield of flamboyant Minnie Minoso in left, unpredictable Jimmy Piersall in center and zealous Rocky Colavito in right may not be the best in the business. But it's pretty good, and certainly one of the most colorful. Colavito, the happy young man from The Bronx, developed into one of the big hitters in the league last year (41 homers, 113 RBIs, .303 batting average). Minoso, the pride of Frank Lane and Cuba, is still a wonderful hitter at 36 (.302 batting average, 80 RBIs) and a joy to behold on the bases, if you're not the opposing pitcher.

Piersall, who can't carry either of his sidekicks' bats, is still among the finest-fielding center fielders in the league. If the Indians let Vic Power play first base, they'll have the best around. If they make him play third, they'll have just another guy. That refers to his fielding; there's no doubt about his hitting ability. Last year he ranked fifth in the league with a .312 average. The catching is deep: Russ Nixon (24) is a high-average low-power hitter, and Dick Brown (also 24) a low-average, high-power hitter. When he was healthy, Herb Score was one of the best pitchers in the world (36 wins



CLEVELAND INDIANS

in two seasons). Crippling injuries have made him virtually useless to the Indians since then (four wins in two seasons). He threw hard in spring training without hurting his arm again, which was what Manager Joe Gordon was anxiously waiting to see. Twenty-two-year-old Gary Bell is one of the finest pitching prospects in sight, and Mudcat Grant, who can start or relieve, will do a good job. Cal McLish had a 16-8 record and a 2.99 ERA last year and must be considered the stopper of the staff until Score steps back up there.

WEAK SPOTS The infield is miserable. Mickey Vernon was a good first baseman in his prime, but that was a long time ago. Now nearing 41, he will be able to give the Indians some good days (.253 batting average in 1958) but not many weeks. Woody Held, a converted center fielder, can't play short, and Billy Moran, who probably can, won't hit (one home run, .226 batting average). For that matter, Held, with a two-year major league average of .221, won't hit either. That may leave it up to 33-year-old George Strickland, who retired in 1958 but who unretired this year. Power is a misfit at third base; 33-year-old Randy Jackson, a legitimate third baseman and once a legitimate hitter, has averaged .309 at bat over the last two years. Minoso isn't in the outfield for his defensive abilities, and even the gifted Colavito loosens the outfield defense a bit because of his slow-footed pursuit of fly balls. Piersall makes up for a lot with his play in center, but if his hitting stays as bad as it has been for the past two years it may be just too much to make up. The pitching staff is untested. Score, at this point, is still an unknown quantity. Bell should be great someday, but that day is still a little way off. Cal McLish won 16 games last year, but he's 33 years old and he never had a season like that before. Matter of fact, he won only 19 games in the majors before 1958. Mudcat Grant won 10 games as a rookie last year but he also lost 11, and that doesn't sound too exciting. Behind

these four are cast-off pitchers like Don Ferrarese, who couldn't make it with Baltimore, Hal Woodeshick, who couldn't make it at Detroit, and Dick Brodowski, who couldn't make it with Washington. Even 35-year-old Mike Garcia is trying a comeback after a back injury stopped his career last season.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The big trades for Martin and Piersall are supposed to turn the Indians into contenders. It's true that the two newcomers improve the defense but neither is ballplayer enough to set off championship fireworks at the Cleveland lake front. Bob Tiefenauer, a knuckle-ball pitcher with rare control, won 17 games in relief at Toronto last year. He'll get a long look with Cleveland. Al Ciootte was an outstanding pitcher in the Cuban League this past winter and may have matured into a dependable starter. Tito Francona, a first baseman-outfielder obtained from Detroit, says he can hit if played regularly. Brightest new face is bonus rookie Gene Leek, who was playing for the University of Arizona in February. He was so impressive in training that he could turn out to be the answer to the third-base problem.

THE BIG IF'S Score is the biggest one. He has to come back, and Garcia should, too, if the Indians are to improve. McLish must have another year like 1958. Tiefenauer, or somebody, has to take up the relief burden left when Ray Narleski and Don Mossi were traded. Martin has got to be the sparkplug that he was not in Detroit last year. And Leek, or—again—somebody, has to fill that gaping hole at third.

THE OUTLOOK The Indians have a handful of good players, and they have Frank Lane. Unfortunately, Frank can't play short or third and he can't pitch. Better players are needed, Lane will try to get them. Until he does, the Indians can't be viewed too seriously. It will take some doing for them to finish fourth again.



MEL



VERNON



SCORE



McLISH



BELL



GRANT

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
5	BILLY MARTIN	2B	2-5
2	MUDCAT GRANT	3B	21-8
3	WOODY HELD	1F	3-4
4	GEORGE STRICKLAND	SS	(unret'd)
6	BUCKY COLAVITO	RF	3-5
8	MIKEY VERNON	1B	2-9
9	BOBBY BESSING	LF	3-2
10	VIC POWER	1B-3B	2-12
14	BOB BAFFERT	C	2-7
15	TITO FRANCONA	1B-OF	3-4
16	AL CIOOTTE	C	3-1
17	BILLY HOVAN	SS	2-6
21	JIMMY FURBERGALL	CF	2-7
22	AL CIOOTTE	P	3-4
23	CAL McLISH	P	16-8
24	MIKE GARCIA	P	(injured)
27	BOB MOORE	P	2-3
28	AL WOODSHICK	P	4-6
33	BOBBY GRANT	P	10-11
34	GARY BELL	P	12-10

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	BEHIND
1958	4	77	76	14 1/2
1957	6	76	77	11 1/2
1956	2	85	62	9
1955	2	90	61	3
1954	1	111	43	

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1958 POWER 312	WILDER 16-5
1957 WOODSHICK 321	WILDER 11-5
1956 SMITH 274	WYNN 20-9
1955 SMITH 338	LEMON 18-13
1954 ANSLA 341	LEMON 25-7

HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1958 COLAVITO 41	COLAVITO 135
1957 WHITE 32	WELCH 105
1956 WHITE 32	WELCH 104
1955 DOWDY 26	NOBBS 83
1954 DOWDY 32	DOWDY 126

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	JULY
DETROIT 14:35	CHICAGO 1*
KANSAS CITY 17:15, 18:15	DETROIT 11*, 11:15, 12
CHICAGO 19:05, 20:25, 23:25	NEW YORK 21*, 23*, 23P
ST. LOUIS 23P	WASHINGTON 24*, 25, 26, 28
	BOSTON 27*, 28*, 29, 30
	BALTIMORE 31*

MAY	AUGUST
NEW YORK 1:2	BALTIMORE 1, 2, 3
WASHINGTON 3, 5	WASHINGTON 10*, 10P, 20
BALTIMORE 5P, 8P	BALTIMORE 21*, 22
DETROIT 22*, 23, 24, 26	BOSTON 23, 25
KANSAS CITY 29*, 30, 31	NEW YORK 25*, 26P
	CHICAGO 29*, 30, 31, 30

JUNE	SEPTEMBER
WASHINGTON 2:30	KANSAS CITY 12P, 20
ST. LOUIS 5P, 6:15	DETROIT 7, 7
BALTIMORE 23P, 24P, 25	CHICAGO 23P
BOSTON 28*, 29, 30, 31	KANSAS CITY 25P, 26, 27
CHICAGO 30P	



IF THE DETROIT TIGERS ARE TO BECOME PENNANT CONTENDERS AT LAST, AL KALINE MUST NOT ONLY LEAD THE TEAM AT BAT HE MUST LEAD THE TEAM



KUENN



BOLLING



HARRIS



MAXWELL



WILSON



VOSS

Every spring the Tigers promise much, but when summer rolls around they deliver little. This year they are keeping quiet, hoping that this team of many stars can finally do what everyone feels it should do—contend for the pennant

STRONG POINTS The pitching is here and so is the hitting, with the defense sound in most spots. Frank Lary, Jim Bunning, Paul Foytack and Billy Hoelt could be a strong starting foursome. Don Mossi and Ray Narleski, the lefty-righty relief stars of Cleveland's pennant drive in 1954, form a powerful bullpen combination. Lary, with the league's best earned run average for right-handers, humiliated the World Champion Yankees a record-breaking seven times last year while losing to them only once. Bunning didn't win 20 as he did two seasons ago but he did throw a no-hitter,

and he ranked second in the league in strikeouts. Foytack has averaged 15 wins a year over the last three seasons, and Hoelt, who looked very sharp this spring, furnishes left-handed strength on the staff. Only Al Kaline keeps Al Kaline from living up to all the potential he showed as a 20-year-old batting champ four years ago. A marvelous player who can do just about everything, Kaline should be at his prime. Former All-Star Shortstop Harvey Kuenn moved to center field last season and became an All-Star outfielder. More at ease out there, Kuenn hit .319, six points ahead of



DETROIT TIGERS

Kaline. Left Fielder Charley Maxwell lost some of his effectiveness in 1958 but is still a fairly dangerous hitter. At second, Frank Bolling is an awfully good fielder who makes all the plays and also hits with some power. Gail Harris, who could never make it with the Giants, became the regular first baseman in mid-June and proceeded to lead the team in home runs with 20. Red Wilson is not the best fielding catcher in the league but he did bat .299, and few other catchers can boast of an average that high. The veteran Johnny Groth has always been a fine outfielder, and as a reserve last season hit .281. Big Gus Zernial, who is a detriment with a glove on his hand but a terror with a bat, led all American League pinch hitters with a .395 average.

WEAK SPOTS Despite the fine team batting average (.266), there is a woeful lack of power. Tiger batters hit only 109 home runs, which didn't come close to making up for the 133 given up by Tiger pitchers. Of the team's 77 defeats, 45 were by the margin of one or two runs. Plenty of men were getting on base, but the big hit was lacking when it was most needed. Kuenn, Wilson, Bolling and newcomers Bridges and Yost are mainly singles hitters, and last year so were Kaline and Maxwell. The infield reserves are good fielders but poor hitters. And beyond the big six of the pitching staff you find too many names like George Sasse, Henry Aguirre and Herman Wehmeier—all of whom show skill but none of whom can be counted on.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES Last year the Tigers were short on relief and miserable on the left side of the infield. That should all be changed now that some major league players have been obtained to fill in the gaps. From Cleveland came Ray Narleski and Don Mossa, once the best relief tandem in the world. Both had their fling at starting, but now will be strictly relievers, once again, in Detroit. Eddie Yost, the

longtime Washington third baseman, was for years the best lead-off man in the league, unparalleled at drawing walks. A smart baseball man who inspires in a quiet way, he could be the leader the Tigers thought they had last season in Billy Martin. Tobacco-chewing Rocky Bridges became a regular, at long last, in Washington and ended up on the All-Star team. He knows how to play shortstop, and he is as good a hitter as anyone who played short last year for the Tigers. Lou Berberet, with Borton in 1958, could give Wilson a tussle for the first-string job. Southpaw Pete Burnside, who always has a world of stuff in the minors but never seems to be able to show it in the majors, looked impressive this spring, and at 28 may have matured into a dependable starting pitcher. Aying Larry Doby, traded from the Indians, adds a power hitter to the bench who can play in the outfield.

THE BIG IF'S Kaline and Maxwell have to start hitting home runs again, and Gail Harris has to show he is really a good hitter. If Eddie Yost has slowed down too much after all those frustrating years of service for the Senators, and Rocky Bridges doesn't solve the annual shortstop problem, it's back again to such as Coot Veal and Ozzie Virgil. If Lary could beat somebody besides the Yankees for a change and Hoeft could show the form that brought him 20 wins three years ago, the Tigers will be able to match their staff with any other in the league.

THE OUTLOOK With a minimum of the old hoopla this spring, the Tigers have tried to eliminate glaring inadequacies. There has always been a plenitude of talent on this club, but most of it has been pulling in different directions. It will be up to Manager Bill Norman to blend everyone into a team that thinks more about winning than individual performance. If he succeeds, the Tigers, fifth last year, will finish well up in the first division.



BRIDGES



BURBERRY



DOPY



YOST



BURNSIDE



NARLESKI

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
1	EDDIE YOST	3B	29-24
2	FRANK BOLLING	2B	28-23
3	JOHNNY GROTH	CF	28-1
4	CHARLEY BRIDGES	LF	27-22
5	GAIL HARRIS	1B	27-23
6	AL KALINE	RF	31-25
7	BARRY KENNEL	CF	25-23
8	ROCKY BRIDGES	SS	26-23
9	RAY NARLESKI	OF	32-23
10	RED WILSON	C	22-29
11	LOU BERBERET	C	29-25
12	OSCAR VIRGIL	SS	24-24
13	COOT VEAL	SS	22-25
14	BOB BURNING	P	14-12
15	DON MOSSA	P	7-4
16	RAY NARLESKI	P	13-10
17	FRANK LARY	P	16-11
18	VEAL	P	2-5
21	PAUL FOUTACK	P	15-13
44	WILL HOEFFT	P	10-9

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES
1955	6	77	77	10
1956	4	78	78	20
1957	5	82	72	15
1958	5	79	75	17
1959	5	68	66	40

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1958 KALINE .318	LARY 16-15
1959 KALINE .302	LARY 21-13
1958 KALINE .340	HOEFFT 16-7
1959 KALINE .306	GRUBBS 18-10

HOME BATS	
YEAR	WON
1958	20
1959	24
1958	28
1959	27
1958	20

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game	
APRIL	JULY
CHICAGO 10, 11, 12	KANSAS CITY 1
CLEVELAND 13, 14, 15	CLEVELAND 2, 3
BALTIMORE 16, 17	WASHINGTON 4, 5
WASHINGTON 18	NEW YORK 21, 22, 23
	BALTIMORE 24, 25, 26
	BALTIMORE 27, 28, 29, 30
	BOSTON 31*
MAY	
WASHINGTON 1, 2	
NEW YORK 3, 4	
BOSTON 5, 6, 7	
KANSAS CITY 8, 9, 10	
CLEVELAND 11	
JUNE	
CLEVELAND 1	
NEW YORK 2, 3, 4	
WASHINGTON 5, 6, 7	
BOSTON 8, 9, 10	
BALTIMORE 11, 12, 13	
KANSAS CITY 14, 15, 16	
NEW YORK 17, 18, 19	
BOSTON 20, 21	
BALTIMORE 22, 23	
WASHINGTON 24, 25	
SEPTEMBER	
KANSAS CITY 1, 2, 3, 4	
CHICAGO 5, 6, 7, 8	



GOOD PITCHING—AND BALTIMORE HAS IT—CAN BE WASTED WITHOUT GOOD CATCHERS, BUT THE ORIOLES HAVE A GOOD ONE IN BIG GUS TRIANDOS



NIEKMAN



WOODLING



BOLD



ROBINSON



GARDNER



TASSIT

The Orioles' outstanding pitching and good defense should guarantee a fight for any opponent. Last season they finished sixth, but a good sixth, just three games out of the first division. To finish in fourth place, then, is their goal for 1959

STRONG POINTS Pitching. With a staff that allowed but 3.40 earned runs a game and gave up the fewest home runs, walks and total runs in the league, the Orioles have few worries here. Only Whitey Ford and Billy Pierce compiled a better ERA than lean left-hander Jack Harshman's 2.90. If his 13 and 15 record seems unimpressive, consider that in 11 of his games the Orioles scored no more than one run. Another southpaw, Billy O'Dell, was a bit luckier, since he had a winning record of 14 and 11 to show for his low 2.97 ERA. Manager Paul Richards lived up to his prestidig-

itator's reputation last year by pulling one out of the hat: Arnold Portocarrero, a big right-hander who couldn't win more than nine games in three years with the Athletics, set a modern Oriole record with 15 wins. Nineteen-year-old Milt Pappas was carefully brought along last season and still managed to win 10 games. He should be ready to step up the pace now. Superior pitching, sound defense and a well-coached team have been Baltimore's balm under Paul Richards. The only home-run hitter in the Baltimore pogon attack is big Gus Triandos, the Orioles' All-Star catcher, who



BALTIMORE ORIOLES

ranked with the best in the league. Ageless Bob Boyd at first base will hit enough line drives to average .300. Outfielders Bob Nieman and Gene Woodling, both great competitors, round out the Orioles' meager list of legitimate major league hitters. A six months' tour in the Army killed spring training for Brooks Robinson, the third-base virtuoso, and may hinder his progress for a while. When he was hitting last year, he was the most exciting player Baltimore had.

WEAK SPOTS The Orioles have proved rather conclusively that it takes more than a heap of pitching to make a pennant contender, or even finish in the first division. Someone has to get some hits and someone has to drive in some runs once in a while. The Orioles found it impossible to do any of these things: they finished last in the majors in hits, runs, total bases and runs batted in. And next to last in homers. Even the extremely stingy pitching staff gave up more runs and home runs than the hitters could produce. Granted that the Orioles' home park, with its big in-play area and spacious outfield, seems designed by and for a pitcher, but as long as they send fancy glove-men with .200 batting averages up to the plate the Orioles will never get too healthy.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The Oriole farm system, which has been unspectacularly but steadily absorbing, may have come up with a beauty in 26-year-old Willie Tasby. An exciting ballplayer, the trim Tasby was named Rookie of the Year in the American Association last season (.322 batting average, 22 home runs, 95 RBIs). He could finally be that long-sought Orioles center fielder who can hit as well as field. Lemmie Green, another fleet center fielder, is back for another try and hit well this spring. Ron Hansen, the rangy shortstop, will only be stopped by his hitting. Bonus pitcher Jerry Walker looks ready to join the staff. In an effort to add punch to his anemic infield, Rich-

ards has picked up an assortment of shopworn infielders. Chico Carrasquel arrived from Cleveland, via Kansas City, and at 31 is still capable of good play at short. Ex-Indian Second Baseman Bobby Avila hit .253 last year but it looks like .400 in the Oriole infield. Billy Klaus had a few good years in Boston and could win the third-base job with his hitting, while Jim Fingen and Whitey Lockman, fair hitters once, add depth.

THE BIG IF'S It would be a shame if the Orioles once again waste all that good pitching for want of a base hit. Richards feels he may have solved that problem with his new infielders. If Carrasquel and Klaus can make the difference with their bats, there will be fewer losing 3-1 games. Of course, if those fantastic young glove-men, Robinson and Hansen, could learn to hit, infield problems would vanish. It would be pleasant, too, if scrappy Second Baseman Billy Gardner were to return to his hitting prowess of two years ago when he was the most valuable Oriole. The same could be said of Al Pillarek, the speedy outfielder with so much talent who was such a disappointment last season. The Orioles can't afford to lose the big bats of Nieman and Woodling for even a short time but they are liable to, since Nieman has an aching back and Woodling, at 37, needs occasional rest. A lot depends on Willie Tasby making it big in the outfield.

THE OUTLOOK It wouldn't take much—a few base hits at critical moments—for the Orioles to make life uncomfortable for the block of teams ahead of them. It also wouldn't take much—a weakening in the defense, a letdown by the pitchers—for the Orioles to slip way back. This is a fringe club which has, temporarily at least, found its home near the middle of the league, and it could move either way without stressing the probabilities or the imagination of the fans. It will be an enjoyable team, tough to beat, but chances are it will finish little better than last year.



CARRASQUEL



O'DELL



NIEMAN



PORTOCARRERO



PAPPAS



WILHELM

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
1	BOB BOYD	1B	509
2	AL PILLAREK	SS	244
3	BOB NIEMAN	2B	(Injured)
4	BOB WOODLING	LF	222
5	BROOKS ROBINSON	3B	275
6	BILLY ALLEN	CF	139
8	BOBBY AVILA	2B	225
9	BILLY GARDNER	2B	225
11	GENE WOODLING	1	245
14	LEMMIE GREEN	CF	278
17	CHICO CARRASQUEL	2B	234
22	JIM FINGEN	C	211
24	WHITEY LOCKMAN	1B-OF	218
25	WILLIE TASBY	OF	(Injured)
25	BOB WILKINS	P	8-10
28	ARVIDE P. CARROLL	P	15-11
28	HAL BEVINS	P	7-3
29	JACK HANDEMAN	P	12-13
32	BILLY PAPPAS	P	10-10
41	JOEY O'DELL	P	14-11

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1958	6	74	17½
1957	8	76	21
1956	6	88	25
1955	7	87	28
1954	7	84	30

BATTING	PITCHING
1958 BOYD .308	P. CARROLL 15-11
1957 BOYD .318	JOHNSON 14-11
1956 NIEMAN .320	MORRIS 12-7
1955 PHILLIP .299	WILLIAMS 12-18
1954 ALLEN .283	TORRES 14-15

HOME RUNS	RUNS BATTED IN
1958 ROBINSON 30	ROBINSON 79
1957 ROBINSON 28	ROBINSON 72
1956 ROBINSON 28	ROBINSON 85
1955 ROBINSON 32	ROBINSON 85
1954 JOHNSON 8	STEVENS 56

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
NEW YORK WASHINGTON	24, 27, 28 17, 18, 19, 20	29, 30, 31 19, 20, 21, 22 10, 11 17, 18, 19 19, 20 22, 23, 24, 25 26, 27	NEW YORK BOSTON KANSAS CITY DETROIT	NEW YORK CLEVELAND BOSTON WASHINGTON NEW YORK	BOSTON WASHINGTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY DETROIT
			15, 16	4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31



SEVENTH LAST YEAR, THE KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS ARE APT TO BE SEVENTH AGAIN, BUT FANS WILL WATCH THEM JUST TO SEE BOB CERV HIT HOME RUNS



DEMAESTRI



MARIS



LOPEZ



TUTTLE



SIMPSON



CHITI

The fury of mass trading is just about over, and the Athletics are a lot closer to that glorious day when they will be able to boast 25 major leaguers on the roster. Nevertheless, a .500 season for Kansas City is still a remote possibility

STRONG POINTS It was bound to happen some day. At long last Kansas City fans can point to an authentic star. In Bob Cerv they have a hero in the classical mold who can bust up any ball game with one swing of his bat. But Cerv's contribution to Kansas City is incalculably more than his .305 batting average, 38 home runs and 104 runs batted in would suggest. By having the year he did, despite broken jaw, broken hand, two busted toes and an injured knee and ankle, much of the defeatist cloud which enveloped the A's has been dispelled. A healthy Cerv could have an even

bigger year, theoretically. For the first time the Athletics can put a team of good ballplayers on the field. Roger Maris in right is a talented young man with unlimited potential. He hits with power (28 home runs, 88 RBIs) and could be one of the future stars. And throw out Bill Tuttle's .231 batting average. He has developed into a valuable team man who can hit behind the runner, sacrifice, draw walks and run the bases well. Tuttle and Maris more than make up for Cerv's fielding shortcomings in left. Bulky Harry Chiti has become an adept handler of the many knuckleball



KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

pitchers on the A's staff and is always a threat to crush a ball out of the park. With Frank House backing him up and Hal Smith available in an emergency, the catching staff has plenty of depth. The pitching staff has a long way to go but there are indications that it will be improved some this season. Ray Herbert has finally matured into a capable starter. Although young Ralph Terry has yet to fulfill his annual promise, he could become one of the best around. With the dependable Ned Garver and ex-Yankee Bob Grim, the Athletics have a fairly steady starting foursome—something that couldn't be said before. The infield's strength lies in its hitting ability. With Hal Smith making the change to third, Hector Lopez playing second and Harry Simpson at first, the A's will get a lot of run production. Joe De Maestri, a light hitter and the only survivor from the Philadelphia days of the Athletics, adds fielding class at short.

WEAK SPOTS Needing the batting punch of such as Smith, Lopez and Simpson somewhere in his lineup forces Manager Harry Craft to forgo defense in his infield. Smith may develop into a topnotch third baseman, since he fights everything hit down to him and can rectify a few mistakes with his shotgun arm, but Lopez and Simpson will never be more than adequate at their positions. Until there is a tighter defense in the infield, the pitching just has to suffer. And the Kansas City staff isn't strong enough to afford a sloppy defense. After all, only the Senators had weaker pitching last year, and look where they finished. Until more class and depth are added to the pitching staff, most of that extra hitting is going to be wasted.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES Versatile newcomers like Dick Williams, Wayne Terwilliger and Zeke Bellia will strengthen the A's this season. Their presence on the bench gives Craft a chance to make varied moves during a game—an unfamiliar luxury. Terwilliger, a

good-fielding second baseman, returns to the majors after a three-year absence, with a new choked-bat hitting style. One of the handiest men in baseball is Dick Williams, who can fill in at first, third, the outfield and even behind the plate. At the tail end of one of those complicated Yankee trades, the A's acquired muscular Zeke Bellia. A good hitter in the minors, he will get plenty of chance to fill in at first or the outfield. An unexpected bonus could develop from the comeback attempts of Russ Meyer and Art Houtteman, both good ones a few years back. A cause for future optimism in the A's camp this spring was the good-looking group of youngsters fresh from the farm teams. One who is ready to help out this season is 24-year-old First Baseman Kent Hadley. A trimly built left-hander, Hadley hits with power and is a smooth fielder. Down South, he was the team's best-looking first baseman.

THE BIG IF'S It may be too much to expect a repeat performance from Bob Cerv. After all, before last year's explosive performance, Cerv was just another Yankee castoff, with a 1957 record of only 11 home runs and 44 runs batted in. The Athletics need another 1958 from the big Nebraska, but they may get a 1957. The continued burgeoning of Roger Maris and a big year for Ralph Terry would help enormously. If Harry Simpson's loose batting stance gets to "feeling like an old shoe" once again, and Terwilliger hits enough to force Hector Lopez back to his best position, third base, the A's will be stronger. If only more pitching, both starting and relieving, were uncovered, Kansas City could have a lot of fun this summer.

THE OUTLOOK The A's improved 16 games last season, an achievement which entitles them to be looked at with respect. With only a few percentages of breaks, they should improve again this year. But not enough talent abounds and too many mistakes are made for the Athletics to improve very much this year.



H. SMITH

HOUSE

GARVER

HERBERT

GRIM

TERRY

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	YEAR RECORD
1	WAYNE TERWILLIGER	2B	(1958)
2	JOE DE MAESTRI	SS	27-9
3	ROGER MARIS	OF	26-9
5	ZEKE BELLIA	1B	25-9
7	HECTOR LOPEZ	2B	24-6
8	HARRY CRAFT	C	23-9
9	HAL SMITH	SS	22-7
10	HECTOR LOPEZ	OF	21-1
12	FRANK HOUSE	C	20-2
13	JOE TUPPLE	CF	21-1
14	BOB GRIM	LF	18-5
15	DICK WILLIAMS	OF-OF	27-9
19	ZEKE BELLIA	1B-OF (1958)	
25	JOE TOMANOV	P	7-5
27	ALVIN KIRBY	P	8-11
28	RAUL FERRY	P	11-13
31	VED CARLSON	P	12-11
34	BOB GRIM	P	7-7
35	JOE GORMAN	P	6-6
38	RAY HERBERT	P	8-8

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1958	7	75	81	19
1957	7	90	84	33 1/2
1956	8	92	102	45
1955	6	62	92	83
1954	8	61	103	88
INDIVIDUAL LEADERS				
BATTING		PITCHING		
1958 CRAFT	105	GARVER	22	11
1957 CRAFT	294	TRACY	9	7
1956 CRAFT	389	OUTMAN	22	22
1955 CRAFT	319	KELLAND	11	8
1954 CRAFT	352	PC-SHREVE	8	15
HOME RUNS		HITS BATTED IN		
1958 CRAFT	24	ORR	234	
1957 ORR	27	ORR	281	
1956 ORR	21	ORR	205	
1955 ORR	20	ORR	245	
1954 WILSON	22	ORR	22	

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	DATE	OPPONENT	TIME
	4-11, 12	CLEVELAND	7P
	4-14, 15	CHICAGO	8P
	4-16, 17, 18	DETROIT	8P
	4-19, 20, 21	BALTIMORE	8P
	4-22, 23	WASHINGTON	8P
	4-24, 25	BALTIMORE	8P
	4-26, 27	DETROIT	8P
	4-28, 29	CHICAGO	8P
	4-30	CLEVELAND	8P
MAY	DATE	OPPONENT	TIME
	5-1	BALTIMORE	8P
	5-2	DETROIT	8P
	5-3	NEW YORK	8P
	5-4	CHICAGO	8P
	5-5, 6	DETROIT	8P
	5-7, 8	CHICAGO	8P
	5-9, 10	DETROIT	8P
	5-11, 12	CHICAGO	8P
	5-13, 14	DETROIT	8P
	5-15, 16	CHICAGO	8P
	5-17, 18	DETROIT	8P
	5-19, 20	CHICAGO	8P
	5-21, 22	DETROIT	8P
	5-23, 24	CHICAGO	8P
	5-25, 26	DETROIT	8P
	5-27, 28	CHICAGO	8P
	5-29, 30	DETROIT	8P
	5-31	CHICAGO	8P
JUNE	DATE	OPPONENT	TIME
	6-1	DETROIT	8P
	6-2	CHICAGO	8P
	6-3	DETROIT	8P
	6-4	CHICAGO	8P
	6-5	DETROIT	8P
	6-6	CHICAGO	8P
	6-7	DETROIT	8P
	6-8	CHICAGO	8P
	6-9	DETROIT	8P
	6-10	CHICAGO	8P
	6-11	DETROIT	8P
	6-12	CHICAGO	8P
	6-13	DETROIT	8P
	6-14	CHICAGO	8P
	6-15	DETROIT	8P
	6-16	CHICAGO	8P
	6-17	DETROIT	8P
	6-18	CHICAGO	8P
	6-19	DETROIT	8P
	6-20	CHICAGO	8P
	6-21	DETROIT	8P
	6-22	CHICAGO	8P
	6-23	DETROIT	8P
	6-24	CHICAGO	8P
	6-25	DETROIT	8P
	6-26	CHICAGO	8P
	6-27	DETROIT	8P
	6-28	CHICAGO	8P
	6-29	DETROIT	8P
	6-30	CHICAGO	8P



WASHINGTON'S BIG STICK IS CARRIED BY BIG ROY SIEVERS, WHO IN THE PAST TWO YEARS HAS HIT 31 HOME RUNS FOR THE LAST-PLACE SENATORS



SIEVERS



PEARSON



COURTNEY



LEMON



KESTIA



SANFORD

The road to the American League cellar is paved with the good intentions of the Washington Senators. Baseball magnates feel it needs a major league club in the national capital, but Cal Griffith provides only the palest imitation of one

STRONG POINTS The only attraction that keeps that small group of fans wandering back to Griffith Stadium and retains the franchise in Washington is the batting prowess of Roy Sievers. The team's one-man offensive show, Sievers hit one-third of the Senators' home runs (39) and knocked in 108 runs to rank third-best in both categories in the American League. Otherwise, the sole pretense of power Washington can boast of with a straight face comes from two 6-foot 5-inch swingers, Right Fielder Jim Lemon (26 homers) and First Baseman Norm Zaichin. Standing a full foot

shorter in the batter's box, tiny Albie Pearson stroked enough singles and doubles to win the league's Rookie of the Year award; because of him, the Senators have an outfielder who can run as well as hit. Scrappy Clint Courtney, who doesn't let the Washington lethargy affect him too much, gives the Senators a solid major league catcher who hits an occasional long ball. The nicest thing to happen in Washington since Dolley Madison was the development of Submarine Pitcher Dick Hyde into the top reliever in baseball. He wasn't too sharp this spring, but last year he won 10 games



WASHINGTON SENATORS

and saved 19 others to account for just about half the Senators' wins. On top of that, he had a remarkable 1.75 ERA. The long-relief man for the team, Tex Clevenger, appeared in the most games in the league (55) and won nine of them. Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual, the Senators' only starting class pitchers, are both able young men—so able, in fact, that the Yankees have expressed interest in both of them.

WEAK SPOTS They still pay off in baseball on hitting, pitching, fielding and a few other talents like those. The Senators don't have much of any of them. Once again, they finished last in both leagues in pitching and batting, and nothing Washington did over the winter and spring seems likely to change that. New additions Reno Bertoia and Ron Samford have lifetime major league batting averages of .239 and .306 respectively. Infielders Ken Aspromonte and Jose Valdivielso can stop a ball but not hit one. Reserve outfielders Faye Throneberry and Jim DeLong don't scare many pitchers when they walk up to the plate. Jim Lemon hits home runs but he strikes out far too often, and batted only .246 last year. And so on down the line. Once you get past Ramos and Pascual, the list of starting pitchers fades into negligibility. Russ Kemmerer is considered the third man, but he lost 15 games and allowed 4.62 earned runs a game last season. Beyond him there's some hope, but mostly an aching void. Sievers and Lemon are not good outfielders, to phrase it gently. Too many balls that should have been stopped have been skipping through the infield for years. Herb Plews plays second base because he can hit, which is a sad commentary on the hitting skills of the other infielders.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES In an all-out effort to get some youth and speed on the team, the Senators finally got around to trading their old third-base fixture, Eddie Yost, along with Shortstop Rocky Bridges,

to Detroit for Third Baseman Bertoia and Shortstop Samford. Neither of the newcomers has proved he can hit major league pitching but both can run and field. J. W. Porter, a bonus baby nearly a decade ago, came from the Indians, where his only statistic of note showed 19 RBIs on 17 hits. He is a versatile player who can catch, play first or the outfield. Chuck Stobbs, once the ace of the staff, is back again, hoping to regain his control now that he's wearing glasses. Rookie Center Fielder Bob Allison, a former fullback who runs well and can throw, has the hitting potential but needs more experience. The same is true of Outfielder Dan Dobbek, who has been in the Army for two years. Twenty-two-year-old left-hander Jack Kralick was the most promising rookie pitcher this spring.

THE BIG IF'S The Senators could have a reasonably successful year—that is, for them—if a number of delightful things occur all at once. If, for instance, Norm Zaichin could recover his pull-hitting form and hit a lot of home runs. Or, in case Norm doesn't, if one of the reserve or rookie outfielders could hit well enough to move Roy Sievers to first base. If Jim Lemon could have a big year in everything except strikeouts, and the glove men in the infield start to use their bats. If Chuck Stobbs's glasses do the trick; if newcomer Billy Loes, the temperamental right-hander with just about every pitch in the book, will feel he's well enough to pitch. If and if and if... then the Senators' summer won't be quite as long as usual.

THE OUTLOOK Manager Cookie Lavagella knows he is not going to set the world on fire, or even stage it, with these Senators. If there is a star prospect then the Yankees finishing first, it's the Senators finishing last. Should they win a few more times than last season, then they will be all Washington can expect to do until more money is spent on developing young talent.



ZACHIN



PLEWS



RAMOS



PASCUAL



HYDE



KEMMERER

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1956 RECORD
1	RENO BERTOIA	3B	287
2	TEX CLEVINGER	LF	265
4	KEN ASPROMONTE	2B	219
5	ROY SIEVERS	1B	228
6	ALFONSO FRANCIS	CF	275
8	KEN FIDELLICCI	C	283
9	J. W. PORTER	C-1B-OF	231
14	CLAYTON KOUNTRY	C	201
23	JIM LEMON	RF	246
25	HERB PLEWS	2B	278
29	FRANK FICKNER	1B	289
32	BOB SANFORD	SS	281
39	JOHN VALDIVIELSO	OF (Injured)	0-0
42	TEX CLEVINGER	P	8-9
15	BILLY KRAMER	P	6-17
17	CAMILO PASCUAL	P	6-32
18	BILL FICKNER	P	4-39
27	CHUCK STOBBS	P	3-9
28	PEDRO RAMOS	P	14-15
29	JOHN HYDE	P	10-9

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1955	8	61	99	33
1957	4	55	59	49
1956	7	39	86	36
1954	6	53	101	43
1954	4	66	88	45

BATTING		PITCHING	
1955	257th	250	24th
1957	260	240	12-18
1956	258th	250	14-15
1955	250th	240	10-10
1954	240th	240	10-9

HOME GAMES		ROAD BATTED IN	
1955	23rd	23rd	23rd
1957	42nd	42nd	42nd
1956	39th	39th	39th
1955	25th	25th	25th
1954	24th	24th	24th

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	DATE	TIME	OPPONENT	RESULT
	5,11,22,23		BOSTON	1-2
	24,25,26		BALTIMORE	9-10, 11-12
	27,28,29		DETROIT	14-15, 16-17
	30,31		KANSAS CITY	17-18, 19-20
MAY				
	2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30,31		DETROIT	22-23, 13-14
	32,33,34,35,36,37,38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45,46,47,48,49,50,51,52,53,54,55,56,57,58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69,70,71,72,73,74,75,76,77,78,79,80,81,82,83,84,85,86,87,88,89,90,91,92,93,94,95,96,97,98,99,100		KANSAS CITY	19-16
			CHICAGO	17-17, 18-19
			CLEVELAND	19-20
			DETROIT	20-21
			KANSAS CITY	22-23
JUNE				
	1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30,31,32,33,34,35,36,37,38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45,46,47,48,49,50,51,52,53,54,55,56,57,58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69,70,71,72,73,74,75,76,77,78,79,80,81,82,83,84,85,86,87,88,89,90,91,92,93,94,95,96,97,98,99,100		CHICAGO	30-31, 14-14
			CLEVELAND	15-16, 17-18
			KANSAS CITY	19-20, 21-22
			DETROIT	23-24
			BOSTON	25-26
JULY				
	1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30,31,32,33,34,35,36,37,38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45,46,47,48,49,50,51,52,53,54,55,56,57,58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69,70,71,72,73,74,75,76,77,78,79,80,81,82,83,84,85,86,87,88,89,90,91,92,93,94,95,96,97,98,99,100		BOSTON	4-5, 6
			BALTIMORE	9-10, 11-12
			CLEVELAND	13-14
			DETROIT	15-16
			KANSAS CITY	17-18
			BALTIMORE	19-20
			DETROIT	21-22
			KANSAS CITY	23-24
			BALTIMORE	25-26
			NEW YORK	27-28
SEPTEMBER				
	1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28,29,30,31,32,33,34,35,36,37,38,39,40,41,42,43,44,45,46,47,48,49,50,51,52,53,54,55,56,57,58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69,70,71,72,73,74,75,76,77,78,79,80,81,82,83,84,85,86,87,88,89,90,91,92,93,94,95,96,97,98,99,100		BOSTON	4-5, 6
			BALTIMORE	9-10, 11-12
			CLEVELAND	13-14
			DETROIT	15-16
			KANSAS CITY	17-18
			BALTIMORE	19-20
			DETROIT	21-22
			KANSAS CITY	23-24
			BALTIMORE	25-26
			NEW YORK	27-28

A NEW LOOK AT LAST SEASON

An original statistical report

A batting average doesn't always indicate the real value of a ballplayer to his team, nor do the figures given in official league statistics always show the reasons why this club or that finished where it did. Here *Sports Illustrated* presents its own statistical report on the 1958 season—an original interpretation that sheds fresh light on major league performances

EXTRA-BASE POWER

Rocky Colavito, a solid .265 hitter, led all major league batters in extra-base percentage, but it was Walt Moryn, with a weak .264 average, who led the National League.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	HITS	EXTRA-BASE HITS	PCT.
Colavito, Cleveland (.265)	148	70	47.50
Jensen, Boston (.256)	157	66	42.04
Cerv, Kansas City (.305)	157	64	41.40
Lemon, Washington (.246)	123	59	40.65
Mandle, New York (.304)	158	64	40.51
Gernert, Boston (.237)	162	49	39.22
Williams, Boston (.328)	135	61	37.78
Maris, Kansas City (.249)	140	51	36.43
Harris, Detroit (.273)	123	46	37.40
Seivers, Washington (.295)	162	58	36.80

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	HITS	EXTRA-BASE HITS	PCT.
Moryn, Chicago (.264)	135	59	43.70
Banks, Chicago (.318)	198	81	41.97
Robleson, Cincinnati (.269)	149	62	41.61
Thomas, Pittsburgh (.281)	158	65	41.14
Anderson, Philadelphia (.301)	155	63	40.65
Long, Chicago (.271)	130	50	38.46
Mathews, Milwaukee (.251)	137	50	36.50
Cepeda, San Francisco (.312)	188	67	35.64
Mays, San Francisco (.347)	208	73	35.10
Aaron, Milwaukee (.336)	196	68	34.69

EFFECTIVE BATSMEN

The true value of a hitter is most accurately reflected in the number of times he gets on base—by any means. Thus, Gene Woodling's .276 BA doesn't show his real worth.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	TIMES AT PLATE	REACHED BASE	ON BASE PCT.
Williams, Boston (.328)	617	337	45.84
Mantle, New York (.304)	654	289	44.19
Runnels, Boston (.322)	666	276	41.44
Colavito, Cleveland (.303)	678	284	40.43
Jensen, Boston (.286)	665	259	39.54
Siebert, New York (.300)	553	205	38.45
Minoso, Cleveland (.302)	638	242	37.93
Woodling, Baltimore (.276)	485	183	37.63
Kalne, Detroit (.313)	607	226	37.23
Kucna, Detroit (.319)	619	230	37.16

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	TIMES AT PLATE	REACHED BASE	ON BASE PCT.
Ashburn, Philadelphia (.350)	725	316	43.59
Musil, St. Louis (.337)	549	232	42.26
Mays, San Francisco (.347)	685	287	41.90
Temple, Cincinnati (.306)	653	258	39.51
Skinner, Pittsburgh (.321)	596	230	38.59
Aaron, Milwaukee (.326)	664	256	38.56
Anderson, Philadelphia (.301)	535	217	37.09
Walls, Chicago (.304)	676	211	36.63
Banks, Chicago (.313)	632	249	36.51
Boyer, St. Louis (.307)	632	227	35.92

BASE STEALING

Although Mays and Ashburn stole the most bases, it was Dan Zimmerman who compiled the best base-stealing percentage (of those who stole 12 or more) in the National League.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	ATTEMPTS	STEALS	PCT.
Rivers, Chicago	24	21	.875
Mantle, New York	21	18	.857
Harell, Cleveland	14	12	.857
Piersall, Boston	14	12	.857
Aparicio, Chicago	35	29	.829
Landis, Chicago	26	19	.731
Minoso, Cleveland	28	14	.500

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	ATTEMPTS	STEALS	PCT.
Zimmer, Los Angeles	16	14	.875
Mays, San Francisco	37	31	.838
Blingame, St. Louis	25	20	.800
T. Taylor, Chicago	27	21	.778
Skinner, Pittsburgh	16	12	.750
Ashburn, Philadelphia	42	30	.714
Fernandez, Philadelphia	18	12	.667
Temple, Cincinnati	23	15	.652
Gilliam, Los Angeles	29	18	.621
Cepeda, San Francisco	26	15	.577

CONTINUED

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Distinctive in Taste...

ACCEPTED AND APPRECIATED
BY THOSE WHO DEMAND AND
EXPECT THE VERY BEST.



©Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

"A luxury car is supposed to be big inside,
and the Lincoln people haven't forgotten it,"

*says Whitney Stone,
chairman of the board of one of
the world's largest engineering
and construction firms,
Stone & Webster, Inc.*



*Also noted for his interest
in thoroughbred horses,
Mr. Stone is currently
president of the United States
Equestrian Team, which
competes regularly in
international jumping
competitions. He is pictured
here with one of the team's
famous record holders, Democrat.*

The impressive new Lincoln was built for people like Whitney Stone. People who are accustomed to the finest.

We planned from the beginning that it would be unparalleled for its distinction. For its lack of ostentation. For its originality.

We resolved, too, that in giving you all of Lincoln's beauty, we would not sacrifice the slightest bit of your personal comfort.

That's why Lincoln's door frames are wider than those of other fine cars, making it easier to step in and out. Its seats are wider, too. And higher. More people ride more comfortably in the Lincoln than in any other family automobile in the world.

This magnificent comfort also stems from the exceptional craftsmanship of Lincoln's interior appointments. Here is an elegance made possible only by specially-loomed fabrics. By imported, hand-crafted leathers. By superb coachwork.

If unmatched luxury and motoring comfort are important to you, then may we suggest that this is the year you should make the change to Lincoln.

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Lincoln

Classic beauty...unexcelled craftsmanship





"I'm well over six feet tall," says Whitney Stone, "and I especially appreciate Lincoln's roominess. I find it unusually easy to get in and out, and I certainly like the way I can stretch my legs in complete comfort. It's a beautifully designed car."

Below, Mr. Stone and his Lincoln Premiere are shown at his country place, "Morven," near Charlottesville, Virginia.





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When you call your shot, call for Seven-Up...
get a highball that's hearty, not harsh!

A hearty highball can be one of man's greatest pleasures. But a drink rich with whiskey flavor should be something to sip and enjoy—with no harshness to bite your tongue.

That's why you'll want 7-Up. Seven-Up soothes your spirits... and yet never interferes with the good whiskey taste you want. Seven-Up lets you taste your whiskey and like it, too.

If you enjoy a hearty drink, we urge you to mix with 7-Up. You'll wish you'd tried it sooner.

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



TEAM RUN-SCORING ABILITY

The first-place Braves' low percentage of base runners scoring and the seventh-place Dodgers' high percentage prove it takes more than run production to win a pennant.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	RUNNERS ON BASE	RUNNERS SCORED	PCT. SCORING
New York	1,981	759	38.31
Cleveland	1,874	694	37.03
Kansas City	1,774	642	36.19
Detroit	1,869	659	35.26
Boston	2,090	697	34.85
Chicago	1,915	634	33.11
Washington	1,752	558	31.56
Baltimore	1,744	521	29.87

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	RUNNERS ON BASE	RUNNERS SCORED	PCT. SCORING
San Francisco	1,964	727	37.03
Los Angeles	1,817	668	36.76
Chicago	1,936	709	36.62
Pittsburgh	1,812	662	36.53
Cincinnati	1,863	695	35.59
Milwaukee	1,902	675	35.49
Philadelphia	2,035	664	32.63
St. Louis	1,926	619	32.16

EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

The Phillies just missed leading the National League in batting (.266), but their pitchers allowed the opposition an even better batting average. Result: last place.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS' AT BATS	OPPONENTS' HITS	OPPONENTS' BA
New York (.268)	5,112	1,391	.235
Cleveland (.258)	5,162	1,283	.249
Baltimore (.241)	5,123	1,277	.249
Chicago (.257)	5,191	1,256	.250
Detroit (.266)	6,180	1,284	.202
Kansas City (.247)	5,266	1,406	.262
Boston (.256)	5,281	1,396	.264
Washington (.246)	6,314	1,443	.272

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS' AT BATS	OPPONENTS' HITS	OPPONENTS' BA
Milwaukee (.2656)	5,132	1,261	.244
Chicago (.265)	5,196	1,222	.254
Pittsburgh (.264)	5,156	1,244	.251
San Francisco (.263)	5,325	1,400	.263
St. Louis (.261)	6,301	1,398	.264
Los Angeles (.251)	5,237	1,399	.267
Cincinnati (.258)	6,319	1,422	.287
Philadelphia (.2556)	5,443	1,480	.272

TEAM HOME RUNS

The tremendous home-run power of the Dodgers and Giants was nullified when their pitchers gave up just about as many homers to the opposition as their own batters hit.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	HRS HIT	PER GAME AVERAGE	OPPONENTS' HRS	PER GAME AVERAGE
New York	144	1.06	116	.75
Cleveland	161	1.05	123	.80
Boston	155	1.00	121	.78
Kansas City	138	.88	150	.96
Washington	131	.78	156	1.00
Detroit	109	.71	133	.86
Baltimore	108	.70	106	.69
Chicago	101	.66	162	.96

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	HRS HIT	PER GAME AVERAGE	OPPONENTS' HRS	PER GAME AVERAGE
Chicago	182	1.18	142	.92
Los Angeles	172	1.12	173	1.12
San Francisco	170	1.10	166	1.08
Milwaukee	167	1.08	126	.81
Pittsburgh	134	.87	123	.80
Philadelphia	124	.81	148	.96
Cincinnati	123	.80	148	.96
St. Louis	111	.72	158	1.08

EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

Whitey Ford put few batters on base (an average of 16 per nine-inning game) and even fewer scored on him (roughly 25%) to make him the most effective pitcher in the majors.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	AVG. BATTERS PUT ON BASE	PCT. SCORING	AVG. RUNS PER GAME
Ford, New York	10.07	25.31	2.55
Turley, New York	11.53	26.11	3.01
Pierce, Chicago	9.96	26.63	3.05
Lary, Detroit	11.39	27.66	3.15
Donovan, Chicago	10.89	30.67	3.34
Paceul, Washington	11.64	28.82	3.36
O'Dell, Baltimore	10.43	32.42	3.38
Harshman, Baltimore	10.76	31.66	3.39
Bell, Cleveland	10.83	31.96	3.46
Portocarrero, Baltimore	10.33	34.76	3.56

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	AVG. BATTERS PUT ON BASE	PCT. SCORING	AVG. RUNS PER GAME
Miller, San Francisco	10.43	28.44	2.97
Spahn, Milwaukee	10.40	31.64	3.29
Burdette, Milwaukee	10.95	30.54	3.34
Jones, St. Louis	11.41	29.97	3.42
Breanan, St. Louis	12.29	28.95	3.56
Klaue, Pittsburgh	11.85	30.77	3.65
Roberts, Philadelphia	10.77	34.67	3.73
Antonelli, San Francisco	11.38	33.61	3.76
Purkey, Cincinnati	11.23	33.97	3.82
Misell, St. Louis	12.84	28.89	3.84



GOOD AS MILWAUKEE'S YOUNG PITCHERS ARE, NONE IS BETTER THAN THE LAUGHING, CLOWNING VETERANS, LEW BURDETTE AND WARREN SPAHN



AARON



MATHEWS



CRANDALL



COVINGTON



LOGAN



TORRE

The Braves are not too blasé to appreciate those fat World Series checks every fall. With a well-rounded band of seasoned players and the richest pitching resources in the league, Milwaukee will not be easily beaten. But it can be

STRONG POINTS Armed with confidence bred by two straight pennant-winning years, plus the best pitching in the National League, the Braves, who also have some pretty fair hitters, are the team to beat. At 25, Henry Aaron is already one of the mighty hitters in baseball. He, along with Wes Covington, Eddie Mathews and Joe Adcock, can knock a ball out of sight at any time. Left Fielder Covington, playing only 90 games because of a bum knee, nevertheless hit 24 homers and drove in 74 runs. He seemed to be in good condition this spring: what might he do with

two sound legs? Mathews, despite a subpar batting average, hit 31 home runs. Del Crandall, the finest handler of pitchers around, hits with good power and is ably backed up by the veteran Del Rice. Adcock is still bothered by injuries, but that leaves first base in the competent hands of Frank Torre, a superior gloveman who stepped in and batted .309 last year. Still the best lefty-righty combination in the league, if not all baseball, the fun-loving pitching twins Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette picked up 42 wins between them. The venerable Spahn, at 38, looks as if he will

never slow down, and Burdette, a mere 32, is just getting warmed up. Behind these two pitching geniuses is the best depth in the league. When Bob Buhl, an 18-game winner the previous season, was forced to the sidelines by a bad shoulder for more than three months last summer, Joey Jay, the 23-year-old ex-Little Leaguer, and Rookie Carlton Willey moved right into the starting rotation. The two won 16 games between them; Jay had a scintillating 2.13 ERA and Willey a solid 3.70. Youthful Juan Pizarro is on the verge of big things, and Bob Rush is yet another dependable starter. Reliever Don McMahon's only problem on a staff that completed 72 of its games is how to find work. Then there are also Bob Trowbridge and Humberto Robinson, neither of whom gets the action his pitching qualifications seem to deserve or that he would get on any other club.

WEAK SPOTS The major weakness of the Braves seems to be an inability to escape injury or sickness. The team broke through to a pennant when it obtained the inspirational Red Schoendienst to play second base. Now Red is recovering from tuberculosis, and the Braves need someone to take his place. They thought they had their man in Mel Roach, who hit so well last summer when Schoendienst was out of the lineup with injuries, but Roach has a torn knee ligament and no one knows when, or if, he'll be able to take over. Felix Mantilla and Casey Wise are two reserve infielders who can play second fairly well, but neither can hit. There are shaky knees in the outfield (Bruton in center and Covington's in left) which don't help an already questionable defense. Buhl's absence wasn't noticed too much last year—after all, the Braves did win the pennant—but this year it might be different. The Braves would still like Pizarro to come through, since some make the rash assumption that Spahn is not eternal, and 37-year-old Andy Pafko is the only experienced replacement in the outfield.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The Braves would have stood pat if it hadn't been for Schoendienst's illness. Since then Burt Reynolds, John McHale, Fred Haney and Co. have searched long and hard for a second baseman to take his place. Rookie Chuck Cottier, who was a good fielder in the minors but a weak hitter, was given a careful look in spring training. His inexperience seems to be too much to overcome, though; and the Braves' frantic efforts to talk some other team out of an established second baseman finally landed them Johnny O'Brien, of all people. He's a handy reserve but not the big second baseman Milwaukee was looking for. Injury-prone Catcher Stan Lopata also came from the Phils and will add bench strength. The Braves, as usual, have many fine young pitchers coming up from their farm system, but it's tough to crack Milwaukee's staff. Because he's a left-hander, 21-year-old Bob Hartman may have the best chance.

THE BIG IF'S The Braves couldn't play pennant-winning baseball before Red Schoendienst came along, and they may not be able to now that he is gone. Covington's big bat will be badly missed if his knee fails again. If Shortstop Johnny Logan muddles through another .220 year, the Braves' infield defense will be that much weaker, because his hitting seems to affect his fielding. It's possible, too, that Spahn might be nearing the end of the line. With so few replacements, except for pitching, injuries to any other key man might mean sudden death to Milwaukee hopes of retaining the pennant.

THE OUTLOOK Despite the loss of Schoendienst, the Braves are still a solid club with a lot of pitching and hitting. It's a moot point whether any of the peck snapping at Milwaukee's heels is ready to take advantage of Red's absence. But it is a tough league, and Milwaukee can't relax if it intends to win again.



MILWAUKEE BRAVES



ADCOCK



BRUTON



MANTILLA



WILEY



MCMAHON



JAY

BASIC ROSTER				PAST PERFORMANCE CHART				
NO.	NAME	POSITION	1968 RECORD	YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1	DEL MONTE	P	272	1968	1	90	40	
5	FELIX MANTILLA	IF	221	1970	1	95	59	
7	DEL RICE	O	2128	1966	2	92	62	1
9	JACK ANCHOR	1B	2710	1965	2	85	69	13 1/2
13	MEL ROACH	2B	309	1964	3	89	53	8
14	FRANK TORRES	3B	308					
23	JOHNIE LUTON	SS	226					
27	CASEY WISE	IF	197					
38	FELIX BRUTON	CF	280					
41	ED MATTHEWS	3B	251	1967	AARON	322	SPAHN	31-12
42	WES COVINGTON	LF	260	1966	AARON	328	SPAHN	20-11
44	BURNEY ARMON	KP	228	1955	AARON	314	SPAHN	17-14
10	BOB BUE	P	6-2	1954	AARON	328	SPAHN	21-12
16	GALLAGHER WILEY	P	9-7					
17	BOB WILLEY	P	10-4					
20	EDD SCHMIDT	P	7-8	1958	MATTHEWS	31	AARON	9-6
23	WARREN SPARTY	P	22-11	1957	AARON	84	AARON	332
33	LEW HUGHES	P	23-10	1956	ADCOCK	30	ADCOCK	363
34	JOHN PIZARRO	P	6-4	1955	MATTHEWS	41	AARON	306
47	JOE JAY	P	7-5	1954	MATTHEWS	40	MATTHEWS	313

HOME SCHEDULE			*Night game		
APRIL	APRIL	JULY	APRIL	APRIL	JULY
PHILADELPHIA	14,16	LOS ANGELES	10,19,11	10,19,11	10,19,11
PITTSBURGH	17,18,19	SAN FRANCISCO	12,21	12,21	12,21
CLEVELAND	20	CINCINNATI	21,22,23,24	21,22,23,24	21,22,23,24
CLEVELAND	27,28	PITTSBURGH	24,25,26	24,25,26	24,25,26
ST. LOUIS	29,30*	CHICAGO	26,27,28,29	26,27,28,29	26,27,28,29
		ST. LOUIS	31*	31*	31*
MAY	MAY	AUGUST	MAY	MAY	AUGUST
SAN FRANCISCO	1,2,3	ST. LOUIS	1,2,3	1,2,3	1,2,3
LOS ANGELES	4,5,6,8	LOS ANGELES	17,18*	17,18*	17,18*
CINCINNATI	9,10,11,12	SAN FRANCISCO	19,20*	19,20*	19,20*
PITTSBURGH	14,15,16,17,18	CHICAGO	21,22,23	21,22,23	21,22,23
PHILADELPHIA	20,21,22,23				
JUNE	JUNE	SEPTEMBER	JUNE	JUNE	SEPTEMBER
SAN FRANCISCO	14,15,16,17,18	PHILADELPHIA	1,2,3*	1,2,3*	1,2,3*
LOS ANGELES	19,20,21,22	PITTSBURGH	7,8	7,8	7,8
ST. LOUIS	23,24,25	ST. LOUIS	9,10	9,10	9,10
CHICAGO	26,27,28	CINCINNATI	11,12,13	11,12,13	11,12,13
		PHILADELPHIA	14,15,16,17	14,15,16,17	14,15,16,17



PITTSBURGH'S SECOND-BASE COMBINATION OF BILL MAZEROSKI, AWAITING THROW, AND DICK GROAT, BACKING UP, IS ONE OF BASEBALL'S BEST



MAZEROSKI



GROAT



SKINNER



VIRGON



CLEMENTE



HOAR

The Pirates will be a stimulating team to watch this summer as they throw strong pitching, superior defense, sharp hitting and fast legs onto the field. They'll be nearly everyone's sentimental favorite and might just win it all

STRONG POINTS The Pirates have the best pitching staff in the National League this side of Milwaukee. Bob Friend finally won the 20 games everyone all along said he would to rank as the top right-hander in the league. Behind him are two other right-handers with youth and experience and pitching equipment, Vernon Law and Ronnie Kline. With a deceptively facile motion and perhaps the finest curve anywhere, young George Witt came up to the Pirates at midseason and posted a breathtaking 1.61 ERA while winning nine and losing only two games. Another youngster,

Curt Raydon, won eight with a good sidearm sinker, and has only to learn to pace himself to become a bigger winner. Veteran Harvey Haddix, the only left-hander here, should find his chores a little easier this year now that he's working in spacious Forbes Field. Ready to throw his fork ball and fast ball anytime is the hard-working little (5 feet 8) reliever El Roy Fucci, whose 26 saves were the major league high last season. Backing up all this strong pitching is a solid defense and good hitting of the line-drive variety. Bill Mazeroski, the 22-year-old second base genius with the

quicksilver movements and the fabulous hands, not only is the best in baseball at his position, but bats well and with power (19 home runs). Teaming with him at short to give the Pirates an admirable double-play combination is field leader Dick Groat, a consistent .300 hitter. With aggressive Don Hook at third, the Pirate infield is second to none. Bob Clemente is right and Bill Virdon in center are two young men who can run, throw and hit, while stringbean Left Fielder Bob Skinner ranks behind only Stan Musial as a National League left-handed hitter. At first base there is a plethora of power—Ted Klusmewski, Dick Stuart and Rocky Nelson. Since only one can play at a time, the others reinforce a strong bench, which includes reserve Outfielder Roman Mejias, Infielder Gene Baker and either Smokey Burgess or Hank Foiles, depending on who is not catching at the moment.

WEAK SPOTS The only weak link in this nicely balanced team is a lack of outstanding power. There is a host of good batters in the lineup but few of their hits go sailing into the stands. Without last year's big home run gun, Frank Thomas, there is even less power. Deck Stuart might make up for Thomas' absence, but the way he plays first it's a good thing Manager Danny Murtuga has all that other defense around. The shortage of sluggers finds partial compensation in the large dimensions of Forbes Field, favoring the line-drive hitters with which the Pittsburgh lineup abounds.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES In order to make a stronger run at the pennant this year, the Pirates needed a left-handed starting pitcher and a good left-handed-hitting catcher. Joe Brown, Pittsburgh's able general manager, found both in Cincinnati, and in the winter's biggest trade came up with Harvey Haddix and Smokey Burgess; he had to give up Frank Thomas, but Cincy sent along capable Don Hoak to take Thomas' place at third base. Haddix, a trim and crafty

southpaw with pinpoint control, is at 33 still rated a good winning pitcher. For years, Burgess was the best pinch-hitting second-string catcher in baseball. He should add power to the lineup. Hoak, who has always been a good fielder, became a valuable hitter two years ago when he closed his stance. Injured slowed him down last season (among other things, he broke his nose for the 10th time, a record for right-hand-hitting third basemen), but Hoak remains one of the toughest competitors in the league. Rocky Nelson, the world's best hitter in the minors and one of the game's great talkers, is back again to show everyone he can really hit in the majors, given the chance. He'll be given the chance this year, and the Pirates, at worst, will have a decent-fielding first baseman for the late innings. The only thing against rookie Pitcher Bennie Daniels is a habit of getting behind on the hitters.

THE BIG IF'S If Big Klu, who, without an aching back, this spring looked as frisky as an overgrown pup, can play just a little bit like he did a few years ago, and if Dick Stuart is for real (16 home runs in half a season in 1958), then much of the Pirate power problem will be solved. If Smokey Burgess can hit as well as he did with Cincinnati, and Don Hoak is truly a .296, 19-home-run hitter, then who needs more power? There could be trouble if the valuable reserve infielder Gene Baker doesn't get over his knee operation. Without him, only ever-ready Dick Schofield is available to fill in if any of the front-line infielders is injured.

THE OUTLOOK The Pirates have a lively young team which has suddenly matured into a solid, first-class ball club. Some of last year's weaknesses have been patched up, and now there are few other teams around with the Pirates' balance. Most fans hope to see someone other than the Braves and the Yankees in the World Series next fall. Pittsburgh is their best bet.



● 1994 年 12 月 1 日



STILLBET



PUBRIC



HADDIN



5817T



PAGE

BASIC ROSTER			
NO.	NAME	POSITION	YEARS
2	WICKY HOLMES	1B	(manager)
3	TEP LARSEN/STREIB	1B	2/82
4	JOHN KANVIER	1P	2/21
7	RACH TAYLOR	1P	2/14
9	DELL WALKER	2B	2/73
12	BOB BEANE	2B	2/65
13	MARTY WEBSTER	C	2/55
14	BOB DODD	CF	2/50
15	BARRY FRISCH	C	2/58
21	BOB GILBERTSON	RF	2/59
22	CHUCK RAKER	RF	2/50
23	BOB WATSON	RF	2/60
25	BOBBY MILLER	OF	2/68
19	BOB FREED	P	22-14
27	BONNIE KILPATRICK	P	13-16
30	BOB FACK	P	5-15
30	EDMUND WITT	P	5-12
31	MARTIN HANSEN	P	8-7
32	VIRGIL WOLF	P	16-12

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART				
YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1958	2	0	2	0
1957	7	0	6	33
1956	3	0	6	33
1955	4	0	6	34
1954	8	0	3	44

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS		
BATTING	PITCHING	
1958 REYNOLDS	523	FRIEND 22 1/4
1957 GRANT	351	FRIEND 17 1/4
1956 GORDON	315	FRIEND 14 1/4
1955 LOON	295	FRIEND 14 1/4
1954 THOMAS	298	LITTLEFIELD 10 1/4

TEAM GAMES		GAMES BATTED IN	
1958 THOMAS	25	THOMAS	109
1957 THOMAS	39	THOMAS	85
1956 LOON	27	LOON	91
1955 THOMAS	27	THOMAS	91
1954 THOMAS	33	GORDON	84

HOME SCHEDULE		*Night games	
APRIL		JULY	
MIAMI/MIAMI	10,11,12	MIAMI/MIAMI	24,25
PHILADELPHIA	22,23	CINCINNATI	4,5
CINCINNATI	22*,23*	CHICAGO	29,10*,11*
LOS ANGELES	27*	ST. LOUIS	12,12
SAN FRANCISCO	28*,29*	LOS ANGELES	13*,15*
		SAN FRANCISCO	17*,18,19*
		PHILADELPHIA	22*,23*
MAY		AUGUST	
ST. LOUIS	1*,2,2,3	MIAMI/MIAMI	1*,4,15,16
CHICAGO	4*	ST. LOUIS	17*
PHILADELPHIA	9*,10,10	ST. LOUIS	19*,20
CINCINNATI	22*,23,24,24	LOS ANGELES	21*,22,23,23
		SAN FRANCISCO	22*,23
		PHILADELPHIA	29*,30,30
JUNE		SEPTEMBER	
ST. LOUIS	29*,30,31	MIAMI/MIAMI	1,2,20
LOS ANGELES	2,3,5,7,7	ST. LOUIS	15,20
SAN FRANCISCO	6,7,8,9,9,11	MIAMI/MIAMI	22,23
LOS ANGELES	12,13,14,14		



OVER THE LAST TWO YEARS, MANY NAMES AND NUMBERS ON THE GIANTS' ROSTER HAVE CHANGED, BUT NO. 24 REMAINS, AS ALWAYS, WILLIE MAYS



CEPEDA



SPENCER



SCHMIDT



ALOU



BRANDT



ROGERS

Talented young players with great arms, blazing speed, sure instincts in the field and powerful bats in their hands are the trademark of the 1959 Giants. Sophisticated San Franciscans are in for excitement if the pitching holds up

STRONG POINTS This is an extremely exciting team. Everyone in the lineup can hit with power. The infield is pretty good and the outfield may develop into one of the best ever seen. There are swift runners all over the field, and strong arms are a dime a dozen. And, nicest of all, the Giants are so very, very young. Only Willie Mays and Daryl Spencer, of the regulars, are over 25. What more can be said about the incomparable Mays in center? He does everything, and all of it with a boyish enthusiasm that is a joy to watch. Last season he led the league in stolen bases and runs scored

and was second in batting (.347) and total bases. The Giants have other young outfielders who can run, throw and hit. Speedster Jackie Brandt (.24) hit .298 three years ago as a rookie and then disappeared into the service. He's back at last and will be the regular left fielder. Twenty-three-year-old Felipe Alou, a sprinter from the Dominican Republic, is supposed to have an even better arm than Mays. When he's playing in right, the Giant outfield will be impenetrable. Waiting for either Brandt or Alou to falter are two fine left-handed power hitters, Willie Kirkland (.25) and 24-



SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

year-old Leon Wagner (.311 in 74 games for the Giants last year). And on the bench is that venerable home run hitter, Hank Sauer, now a sprightly 40. Of the many fine Giant rookies last season, powerful Orlando Cepeda was the best—not only on the team but in the league as well. A good fielder at first base, he hits with emphatic power (25 homers, 96 RBIs, .312 batting average) and is only a baby—albeit a baby bull—at 21. Spencer tallied off in his hitting after midseason last year but still ended up with 17 home runs and 74 RBIs; he'll play second now that the graceful-fielding Andre Rodgers has taken over at short. Jim Davenport may or may not be a better hitter than his .256 average would indicate but it really doesn't matter on this team. He's a topflight-fielding third baseman. Rugged Bob Schmidt (25), who looks like a catcher, hits with pretty good power and is learning fast behind the plate.

WEAK SPOTS That prized youth, which means a certain lack of experience. None of the regulars has played more than one season in the majors except Mays and Spencer. This hurt last year; too many mistakes were made, and much of that great speed was nullified by careless base running. Kirkland is not too good an outfielder, and Wagner can't field at all. Other than that, all the Giant weaknesses are concentrated in the pitching staff. Left-hander Johnny Antonelli, the golden-armed wonder of the 1954 World Champion Giants, is the only pitcher on the staff with a genuine winning big-league record. Newcomers Sam Jones and Jack Sanford could ease the pitching weak spot but, don't forget, they each lost 13 games last year. Twenty-year-old Mike McCormick has a blazing fast ball and should become a big winner someday. But he hasn't yet. Slow-ball pitcher Stu Miller is really remarkable, but the fact remains that despite his league-leading ERA he won only six while losing nine. And that is about it. The Giants must have a good relief pitcher, and they don't have one at the moment. Allan Woe-

thington, the strong right-hander, was a dependable long-relief man last season, but now he has a bad knee. Billy Muffett was good in relief for the Cards in 1957 and no good at all in 1958. Curt Barclay recovered from the sore arm that stopped him last year; he could help if he's back in shape.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES Toothpick-chewing Sam Jones, of the wicked fast ball and mean hook, is the big man here. With the puncheonless Cards last year he had the second-best ERA in the league and only a 14-13 record to show for it. Twenty-nine-year-old Jack Sanford is a fast-ball pitcher, who two years ago was a late-blooming Rookie of the Year with the Phils. He had trouble most of 1958, but pitched very well the last month or so, and this spring his fast ball seemed as good as ever. Andre Rodgers, the 6-foot-3 shortstop from the Bahamas, is back after an abortive trial two seasons ago. Now, as batting champ of the Pacific Coast League, he has the confidence to go with his great range and powerful arm.

THE BIG IF'S It's all up to the pitching staff. Can Sanford and Muffett regain their 1957 form? If so, the Giants have a strong starter in Sanford and the answer to their relief woes in Muffett. Has McCormick matured enough physically to become a steady starter? And so on down the pitching line. If Rodgers is finally ready, there will be no second-base problem with Spencer there. If Andre isn't, Spencer has to move back to short, and second base will revert once again to .232 hitter Danny O'Connell.

THE OUTLOOK Rarely has a team rebuilt so quickly and so well as the Giants of 1958. The only knock against them was the lack of pitching. Everything else was there. Now they have added Sanford and Jones, and Manager Bill Rigney is ecstatic. If these two can win, the Giants have a good chance to win the pennant.



DAVENPORT



KIRKLAND



ANTONELLI



SANFORD



JONES



MCCORMICK

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
1	YORGE LANIER	C	25-13
5	HANK SAUER	OF	27-19
12	JIM DAVENPORT	2B	25-16
15	ANDRE RODGERS	SS	(Injury)
16	DANNY O'CONNELL	2B	23-22
20	DANNY SPENCER	2B	24-16
22	JACK SANFORD	LF	(Injury)
24	WILLIE MAYS	CF	34-7
27	BOB SCHMIDT	C	24-17
28	WILLIE KIRKLAND	RF	25-19
30	ORLANDO CEPEDA	1B	32-12
35	LEON WAGNER	RF	32-17
40	PHILIP ALTO	RF	17-13
25	ARM JONES	P	14-13
32	ALLAN WOESINGTON	P	11-7
33	JACK MUFFETT	P	10-12
37	STU MILLER	P	6-9
38	CURT BARCLAY	P	(Injury)
40	MIKE MCCORMICK	P	11-8
43	JOHNNY ANTONELLI	P	10-13

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	CHAMP
1954	0	80	74	12
1955	6	89	87	26
1956	6	67	87	28
1957	3	80	74	35-56
1958	1	93	57	

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1954 MAYS .347	ANTONELLI 2-16-12
1955 MAYS .323	CEPEDA 15-13
1956 MAYS .302	ANTONELLI 20-12
1957 MAYS .313	ANTONELLI 14-16
1958 MAYS .345	ANTONELLI 21-7

HOME RUNS	
1958 MAYS	39
1957 MAYS	35
1956 MAYS	30
1955 MAYS	30
1954 MAYS	41

BATS BATTER IN	
MAYS, CEPEDA	56
MAYS	97
MAYS	84
MAYS	127
MAYS	110

HOME SCHEDULE

"Night games"

APRIL	MAY
CHICAGO 14,15,16	LOS ANGELES 30,31
ST. LOUIS 17,18,19	ST. LOUIS 22,23
	CHICAGO 24,25,26
	PHILADELPHIA 27,28,29
	PITTSBURGH 30*
MAY	
LOS ANGELES 7,8,9,10	
PITTSBURGH 11*,12	
PHILADELPHIA 13,14	
CHICAGO 15*,16,17	PITTSBURGH 1,2
ST. LOUIS 18,19,20	MINNEAPOLIS 4*,5,6
LOS ANGELES 21,22*	CHICAGO 7*,8,9
ST. LOUIS 23,24,25	
CHICAGO 26,27	
	SEPTEMBER
	CHICAGO 1,2,3,4
	ST. LOUIS 5,6,7
	PITTSBURGH 8,10
JUNE	
PHILADELPHIA 18*,19,20	PHILADELPHIA 11*,12,13
MILWAUKEE 19*,20,21	CHICAGO 14,15
PITTSBURGH 22,23*,24,25	MINNEAPOLIS 16,17
PHILADELPHIA 26*,27,28	LOS ANGELES 28*,29,30



FROM TWO GUYS NAMED FRANK—THOMAS AND ROBINSON—THE REDS ARE EXPECTING SUFFICIENT POWER TO PUT THEM IN PENNANT CONTENTION



TEMPLE



BELL



BELL



LYNCH



ENNIS



BAILEY

The great power teams of 1956 and '57 are gone, but so is the bad pitching that wrecked them. Changed also is last year's squad, which was unbalanced in the opposite sense. Now the Reds plan to field a ball club with a smoother blend

STRONG POINTS Let's forget about last season's statistics which show the Reds lacked hitting and power (next to last in batting and home runs) but were strong in pitching (third-best ERA). Past records don't seem to mean a thing as far as Cincinnati is concerned. Go back just two years and you find the Reds had the worst pitching in the league but were near the top in hitting and home runs. General Manager Gabriel Paul has had trouble getting the scales in balance. This year the Reds will have hitting and power again. The addition of home-run hitter Frank Thomas promises them

that, and the continued presence of Frank Robinson, who became a star so quickly that it's hard to realize he's been around for only three seasons, double-guarantees it. Rookie Center Fielder Vada Pinson promises a little extra. Left Fielder Gus Bell and Catcher Ed Bailey were hitting the long ball a few seasons ago, and they're both too talented to have forgotten how. Flyer Second Baseman Johnny Temple doesn't hit many home runs, but he's always on base (91 walks and a .306 batting average). Right Fielder Jerry Lynch became a .300 hitter when he was allowed to play regularly.



CINCINNATI REDS

Bob Purkey, youngest of the quartet of starting pitchers, was 17 last season, and Don Newcombe, Brooks Lawrence and Joe Nuxhall all had the winning habit only a few years back. Despite the seasaw hitting and pitching, the defense has been unshakable. No major league team ever made as few errors (100) as the 1958 Reds. McMillan and Temple are still superb around second. Bell and Pincen, and Robinson, too, if he plays outfield, can go far to get a ball and know how to get rid of it in a hurry. Bailey remains one of the best receivers in the league.

WEAK SPOTS Too much depends on aging pitchers, whose best years may belong to the past. Hauling Don Newcombe had arm trouble last year and may never be the same without Campy and Jackie Robinson around to gaud him. Lawrence is 34 and has worked an awful lot of innings in his career. Unless some of the rookies come through, the secondary pitching won't worry the hitters too much. The Reds have to find a reliever or two quickly; hard-bitten Hal Jeffcoat can't do it alone. He did a wonderful job early last year but broke down when he was used too often. Some defense is lost with Thomas at third, and although Robinson has quick natural movements, he is playing an unfamiliar position at first. Lynch spoils the defensive reputation of the outfield.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES There are loads of them, and they make the difference between last year's team and this. Versatile longtime Pirate Frank Thomas is the big one. With the short left-field fence target at Crosley Field, there's no telling how many home runs he could bash in 1959. Strongman Del Ennis, newly arrived from St. Louis, missed his usual 100 RBIs last season but still is a nice guy to have on your bench. Handy utility infielder Eddie Kasko, Jim Fendleton, who can play second, third or the outfield, and sharp, pull-hitting Johnny Powers add more seasoning

and depth to a good bench that includes holdovers Bob Thurman, Pete Whisenant and Walt Dropo. Right-hander Bobbie Mabe has all the pitches to become Manager Mayo Smith's needed fifth starter or long relief man. Twenty-year-old Vada Pinson didn't stick after a sensational spring last season but did come back to hit .412 in nine games at the end of the year. He had a great spring again this time, and the neat center fielder, who runs like a whippet, should be ready to start a long career in the majors. Heavy-set Dutch Dotterer finally gets his chance to catch behind Bailey this year. The Reds, who have had trouble producing their own pitchers, have come up with some promising ones at last. Left-hander Jim O'Toole, in his first year in Organized Baseball, had a 1.29 ERA in winning 29 games in Double-A competition. O'Toole is a determined young man (22) with a live fast ball, remarkable control and unusual poise. Wispy Orlando Pena from Cuba has the best chance of sticking, on the strength of 15 wins in the winter leagues and a good spring showing. Another rookie who looks as if he might be ready this season is 21-year-old Miguel Cuellar, also a southpaw from Cuba.

THE BIG IF'S The Reds could really stir things up in the National League if Ed Bailey regains his batting eye, Gus Bell gets healthy again, Jerry Lynch continues to hit well and Vada Pinson duplicates his spring in the summer. But even if these four doubts are favorably resolved, Big Newk must rear back and throw that hard one again.

THE OUTLOOK This is a team with enough talent at all key positions—except pitching—to go all the way. Robinson is a fine player, and the others are near the top at their position. Frank Thomas should love little Crosley Field. The pitching was better last year but still needs improvement. Without it, the Reds will have a fight to stay in fourth. With it—Milwaukee, beware!



PINCEN

NUXHALL

PURKEY

LAWRENCE

NEWCOMBE

JEFFCOAT

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958
6	BOB BAILEY	C	220
39	RODNEY AARON	1F	200
11	BOB MC MILLAN	SS	229
15	FRANK THOMAS	3F	201
18	JERRY LYNCH	2B	206
25	WALT DROTTER	1B	200
28	FRANK ROBINSON	1B	200
29	DEL ENNIS	CF	201
24	JACKIE PENCE	CF	213
22	GUS BELL	1F	202
27	JACKSON FORD	CF	189
23	VADA PINSON	CF	271
26	JOE MCKENNA	CF	206
36	JOHN MONTGOMERY	P	17-15
37	BOB FENNEL	P	17-11
39	JOE MATHIAS	P	22-13
40	TOM ACKER	P	6-5
42	HAL JEFFCOAT	P	6-8
43	SCOTT MACE	P	5-9
44	BROOKS LAWRENCE	P	8-12

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES
1958	4	16	78	86
1957	4	80	74	85
1956	8	91	63	2
1955	5	75	79	23 1/2
1954	5	74	82	53

BATTING		PITCHING	
1958	TEMPLE 206	PURKEY 22-11	
1957	ROBINSON 222	LAWRENCE 24-12	
1956	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 302	LAWRENCE 29-10	
1955	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 314	NIXON 25-12	
1954	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 305	NIXON 12 5	

BOMB BARS		BOMB BATTED IN	
1958	ROBINSON 51	ROBINSON 63	
1957	NEWCOMBE 51	OWENS 82	
1956	NEWCOMBE 55	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 102	
1955	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 47	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 113	
1954	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 45	KELLY/NEWCOMBE 143	

HOME SCHEDULE

(Night game)

APRIL	APRIL	MAY	MAY
PITTSBURGH 9:15P, 15	MILWAUKEE 1P	LOS ANGELES 1P, 3, 5	CHICAGO 1P
PITTSBURGH 11P, 15, 15	SAN FRANCISCO 12:30P	SAN FRANCISCO 4P, 2P	MILWAUKEE 1P, 2P, 12P
PHILADELPHIA 8P, 20, 20	LOS ANGELES 12:30P	PHILADELPHIA 8P, 27P, 28P	SAN FRANCISCO 1P, 3P
ST. LOUIS 5P	PHILADELPHIA 2P, 23P, 26, 26	PITTSBURGH 8P, 26, 31, 31	LOS ANGELES 1P, 2P
CHICAGO 2P, 20P	ST. LOUIS 3P, 23P, 24P		ST. LOUIS 2P, 22, 23
	CHICAGO 3P		CHICAGO 2P, 27P, 27P

JUNE	JUNE	SEPTEMBER	SEPTEMBER
LOS ANGELES 2P, 3P, 4P		PITTSBURGH 1P, 2P	
SAN FRANCISCO 1P, 8		MILWAUKEE 4P, 5P	
CHICAGO 2P, 24P, 25P		PHILADELPHIA 7	
MILWAUKEE 2P		PITTSBURGH 26, 27	



JOE CUNNINGHAM (AROVE) WAS SLAYED TO BE MUSIAL'S SUCCESSOR AT FIRST, CARDS' OUTFIELD WEAKNESS FORCED HIM TO BE SHIFTED TO RIGHT



MUSIAL



BOYER



BLASINGAME



CUNNINGHAM



GREEN



H. SMITH

Bad days have fallen upon the St. Louis Cardinals, and the bright promise of two years ago has been faithless. The effects on the club of uncertain, divided direction and erratic trading policies are now being felt. Busch has a loser here

STRONG POINTS The infield is good. Bill White, a 25-year-old power hitter who lost his job with the Giants when he went into the service, is the new first baseman; he is also a fine glove man. Don Blasingame is a good second baseman and an ideal lead-off hitter. Speedy and aggressive, Blazer was hurt a lot last year but still managed to hit .274. Silent, dark Ken Boyer is probably the best all-round third baseman in the majors. He can hit with real power, ranges all over the left side of the infield, throws with a shotgun arm and runs like a greyhound on the bases. Milwaukee likes Mathews,

but everybody else will take Boyer. Blend Joe Cunningham, a first baseman by trade, hits with power and will be in right. The nonpareil Stan Musial will be back to play his 17th season with the Cardinals. There's no one else like him in the National League, and No. 6 at the plate will always be an imposing sight. Hal Smith is a good catcher but his hitting fell off last year, and Gene Green, a powerful hitter with an equally powerful arm, will probably do most of the catching. Vinegar Bend Mizell, the pretzel-twisting lefty, always seems on the verge of being a winner, and Larry Jackson

has been a durable reliever and starter. The thinking man's pitcher, Jim Brosnan, is a spot starter and strong long-relief man who has had an outstanding spring.

WEAK SPOTS The outfield could be the worst in the league. Musial, in left at the request of new Manager Solly Hemus, lacks range and has a poor arm. With all due respect to The Man, now in the winter of his content, it's a question of whether he will drive in as many runs as he'll let in. In center is Gino Cimoli, the lackadaisical Latin. Cimoli proved in 1987 with the Dodgers that he can play a good outfield. He has range, a nice arm, and that year he hit. Last year he didn't. If somebody can coax him, perhaps he'll hit again. If not, he'll lose his job to the promising Curt Flood. Bobby Gene Smith can field but needs more experience as a hitter, while 34-year-old Irv Noren has the experience but not the youth. The pitching, spotty to begin with, became highly dubious with the departure of Sam Jones. Mizell and Jackson had impressive ERAs between them but lost more than they won. Once past them, there are only fading oldsters and untried rookies. Such ancients as Marv Grissom and Alex Kellner are being counted on as short-relief men. They may be too short. Gene Green doesn't help the pitching situation any when he's catching. A converted outfielder, he is still awkward behind the plate. There is not enough speed and a sad lack of power.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The Giants gave away Ernie Broglio, a strong right-handed rookie who throws extremely hard, and who has looked good enough this spring to be a likely St. Louis starter. But if the Giants made a poor deal here, they more than got their own back by securing the Cardinals' best pitcher, Sam Jones, in exchange for two men the Giants couldn't use, Bill White and Ray Jablonski. White was tried in right field but had to be moved to first base; he hit only .241 after returning from the Army last year,

but three seasons ago had 22 homers with the Giants. Third baseman Jabbo will spend most of his time on the bench; he hits the long ball, but not frequently. Short on reliable relief men, the Cards picked up 41-year-old Marv Grissom and 34-year-old Alex Kellner, and for more power on the bench grabbed First Baseman George Crowe, who hit 31 homers for the Reds just two years ago. Gino Cimoli, who doesn't add power, and Chuck Essigman, who may, might help out. Alex Grammas will be better at short than any of his predecessors, but five home runs and a .254 batting average over the last five years tell the story of his hitting career. Nineteen-year-old infielder Julio Gotay is an exciting prospect who can hit with power; he's being tried at shortstop, but he has a scatter arm and needs experience. If any pitching help other than Broglio is to come the Cardinals' way, it will have to be from rookie right-handers Gary Blaylock and Bob Gibson or returning right-hander Lindy McDaniel.

THE BIG IF'S Stan Musial's excursions into left center in chase of fly balls might take precious points off his batting average, and then where would the Cardinals be? If Hemus can light a fire under Gino Cimoli or if Curtis Flood or Bobby Gene Smith can hit the way they field, the outfield might be less frightful to contemplate. And if Mizell would finally find himself this year, and if Ernie Broglio really comes through, the staff might be able to look the rest of the league in the eye.

THE OUTLOOK The Cardinals, who used to be the symbol of speed, power, pitching and good young players, simply don't have it any more. A new manager is no substitute for new talent, which the Cards don't grow much of any more. It would be nice to say that St. Louis will be right back up there fighting for first place, but they'll have a tough time keeping out of last.



GRAMMAS



CIMOLI



JACKSON



BROGLIO



MIZELL



BROSNAN

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



BASIC ROSTER				PAST PERFORMANCE CHART				HOME SCHEDULE			
NO.	NAME	POSITION	REG. SECSQ	YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND	APRIL	JULY	SEPTEMBER
1	GARY GREEN	L-RF	291	1988	5 th	72	82	39	SAN FRANCISCO 18 th ,19 th ,12	LOS ANGELES 2 nd ,9	PHILADELPHIA 1 st ,2,8,9
2	DAVE GUNTER	C	204	1987	2 nd	87	67	8	LOS ANGELES 24 th ,25 th ,26	SAN FRANCISCO 4,5,5	PITTSBURGH 14 th ,15 th ,16 th
6	IRVING MIZELL	LF	337	1986	4 th	76	78	17	PHILADELPHIA 1 st ,6,17,17	MINNEAPOLIS 17 th ,18 th ,18	CHICAGO 22 nd ,23 rd
10	ALEX KELLNER	RF	218	1987	7 th	68	86	38 th	PITTSBURGH 21 st ,20 th ,21 st	LOS ANGELES 1 st ,14 th ,15 th ,16	MINNEAPOLIS 25 th ,26 th ,27
11	DAVE HANCOCK	2B	374	1984	6 th	72	82	25	CHICAGO 22 nd	MINNEAPOLIS 25 th ,26 th ,27	CHICAGO 25 th ,26 th ,27
14	KEVIN ROYER	3B	307								
15	JOE CUNNINGHAM	3B	312								
16	GEORGE LUCAS	1B	275	1986	8 th	33 rd	70 th	14-13	CHICAGO 1 st	PITTSBURGH 4 th ,7 th ,6 th	
23	CURT FLOOD	CF	281	1987	8 th	50 th	40 th	15-9	MINNEAPOLIS 1 st ,2 nd	PHILADELPHIA 7 th ,8,9,9	
22	GEORGE THORPE	CF	246						PHILADELPHIA 1 st ,6,17,17	SAN FRANCISCO 10 th ,11 th	
28	BOBBY GENE SMITH	OF	(DRAFTED)	1986	8 th	33 rd	67 th	13-11	PITTSBURGH 21 st ,20 th ,21 st	LOS ANGELES 1 st ,14 th ,15 th ,16	
35	IRVING NOREN	OF	204	1985	8 th	33 rd	67 th	13-11	CHICAGO 22 nd	MINNEAPOLIS 25 th ,26 th ,27	
36	DAVE WHITE	1B-RF	(DRAFTED)	1984	8 th	33 rd	67 th	13-11		MINNEAPOLIS 25 th ,26 th ,27	
37	CHUCK HANCOCK	P	246								
38	DAVE BRIDGES	P	(DRAFTED)								
39	WILLIAM MIZELL	P	10-14	1988	8 th	33 rd	67 th	95			
40	ALEX KELLNER	P	7-5	1987	8 th	33 rd	67 th	100			
41	JOE BROSNAN	P	11-3	1986	8 th	33 rd	67 th	109			
42	LARRY JACOBSON	P	15-13	1985	8 th	33 rd	67 th	108			
43	MARV GRISSOM	P	7-5	1984	8 th	33 rd	67 th	126			



WITH A LONG SWEEPING SWING, ERNIE BANKS OF THE CHICAGO CUBS SHOWS HOW HE HIT 47 HOME RUNS LAST YEAR—MOST IN EITHER LEAGUE



BANKS



WALLS



DARK



MORYN



THOMSON



LONG

Heavy trading during the past two seasons and a thorough search of the farm system produced last year a hard-hitting lineup that gave the Cubs the best team they've had in a long time. There is, however, still lots of work to be done

STRONG POINTS The Cubs have corralled a collection of free-swinging home run sluggers who care little for opposing pitchers' reputations. Major league leaders in home runs (182) and total bases, Chicago was second-best in the National League in hits and runs scored. Five players—Ernie Banks, Walt Moryn, Lee Walls, Bobby Thomson and Dale Long—had 20 or more homers and impressive slugging averages. Mightiest of this crew of ponderous hitters is the smallest—willowy Ernie Banks—Most Valuable Player in the league last season. Hitting sharply with beautiful coordination,

Banks snapped his powerful wrists for a major league high of 47 home runs and 129 RBIs. On top of that, he hit .313 and led the league in slugging. There has never been such a hard-hitting shortstop before in baseball. From the heavy outfield bats of Moryn in left, Thomson in center and Walls in right came 71 homers and 231 runs batted in, while big (6 feet 4 inches, 218 pounds) First Baseman Dale Long bashed 20 home runs and 75 RBIs. The inspirational third baseman, Al Dark, hits few home runs, but can do everything else with a bat. Two fine young fast-ball



LOS ANGELES' BEST PITCHER IS JOHNNY PODRES, WHO, ON ANOTHER MOUND IN ANOTHER YEAR, PITCHED DODGERS TO WORLD SERIES VICTORY



SWIDER



NEAL



FURELED



HODGES



GILLIAM



ZIMMER

Walter O'Malley made all the money he expected to last year. Now it's time for the Dodgers to start playing ball. This is too good a team to be fooling around down in the second division. It should be a more pleasant season for Los Angeles

STRONG POINTS The Dodgers have one of the youngest and certainly the hardest-throwing pitching staffs in the majors. It is not now the best, but the potential is certainly here. Only relievers Clem Labine and Johnny Klippstein—and Carl Erskine—are over 30 (and not by much), while the rest range from 20 to 28. For the 11th year in a row, the staff struck out more batters than any other team in the league. They also had the worst team ERA. The biggest reason for this completely unexpected performance by the highly rated Dodger pitchers was that monstrosity hovering

over their shoulders in left field. One pitcher that infamous fence didn't bother, strangely enough, was the left-handed Johnny Podres, at 26 the dean of the starters, who won 11 of his 13 victories in the Coliseum. Tall (6 feet 6), young (22) Don Drysdale had trouble getting started, but was 8-4 with a 2.85 ERA from the All-Star Game on. His sweeping sidearm delivery, by way of third base, is plenty rough; just ask the batters. Left-handed fast-baller Sandy Koufax, at 23, has yet to utilize all his pitching possibilities. Behind these three are such good young men as hard-throwing Stan



LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Williams (22), who only needs a little more finesse; Danny McDewitt (26), whose fast ball sometimes gets out of control; and knuckleballer Fred Kipp (27), the long-relief man and spot starter. Strongman Clem Labine had arm troubles but was still an effective reliever at times with six wins and 14 saves. The defense is sound and a lot of times brilliant. (The Dodgers set a new National League record with 198 double plays last year.) There is a nice balance of speed and power all the way down the lineup. (The Dodgers led the league in stolen bases and were second in home runs.) Gil Hodges didn't hit 90 homers over the left-field screen, but who's to say he won't this time around? Duke Snider didn't have a chance last year but don't count him out; O'Malley brought in the fence in center and right just for him. Although Carl Furillo is 37, he still batted close to his normal .300 and hit 18 home runs. Infielders Charlie Neal and Don Zimmer are speedy and hit with power, too, while Jim Gilliam, who can play all over, is faster yet and an ideal lead-off man. Catcher John Roseboro adds even more speed to the team and hit pretty well as Campy's replacement last year.

WEAK SPOTS Because of the sore-arm history of such former regulars as Don Bessent, Ed Roebuck, Roger Craig and Carl Erskine, a lot depends upon the youngsters who are expected to round out the pitching staff. Perhaps the odd-shaped Coliseum will still be too much of a handicap for the pitchers no matter how good they are. After all, the Dodgers allowed the most home runs in the league and the most earned runs. Since the staff has so many young, hard-throwing youngsters, it's a tough one to catch well. Campanella would have been just right for it, but Roseboro, as promising as he is, still has a lot to learn. Last year the right-handed hitters didn't hit the screen often enough. Hodges slumped badly, and Neal and Zimmer, despite their power, were .300 hitters. So was

Gilliam, who depends on singles and doubles. Snider's bad knee let him down last year as much as the distant right-field fence did; if it fails again, there goes Snider, and without his bat the Dodgers are in trouble.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The addition of left-handed Wally Moon and right-handed Rip Repulski gives the Dodgers two once-good hitters and a chance for more maneuvering in the outfield. Rookie Bob Lillis, the last of a long line of shortstops who waited for Pee Wee Reese to wear out, hit .391 in 29 games with the Dodgers late in the year. If he can hit just some of that for a full season, Manager Walter Alston will have the pleasant problem of trying to figure out where he will play whom in the infield. The most pleasing rookie to land with the Dodgers in years is 20-year-old Ron Fairly, who led the USC team to the NCAA championships less than a year ago. Right now, Fairly seems to have all the know-how of a veteran, and with his great poise and determination will be a Dodger for many years to come.

THE BIG IF'S The main question mark about the Dodgers is the menacing left-field screen, and whether the pitchers and hitters have learned how to get along with it. If they have, and the veterans Hodges, Furillo and Snider are still good for another season, it will be sunny in Los Angeles. If not, and the young pitchers don't develop as expected, Walter O'Malley had better try to lose himself in the smog.

THE OUTLOOK After a decade of great teams in little Ebbets Field, the Dodgers moved into the spacious Coliseum and suddenly were a seventh-place ball club. Despite that finish, some of the other National League teams is taking the Dodgers lightly. It will be no real surprise to anyone if Los Angeles joins San Francisco as the Coast's second pennant contender.



MOON



ROSEBORO



KIPP



ERSKINE



SNIDER



LABINE

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1968 RECORD
4	DUKE SNIDER	CF	.322
5	JOHN ROSEBORO	1B	.277
6	CARL FURILLO	RF	.289
8	JOHN ROSEBORO	C	.272
9	WALLY MOON	OF	.238
14	GIL HODGES	1B-OF	.262
20	RIP REPULSKI	OF	.266
25	BOB LILLIS	SS	.391
30	CHARLIE NEAL	2B	.244
33	BOB FARMER	OF	.213
38	JOE POKORSKI	C	.218
16	DANNY MCDEWITT	F	2-6
22	JOHNNY FORD	F	15-15
26	FRED KIPP	F	6-6
32	RAYMOND KOUFAX	F	11-11
35	JOHNNY KLIPFERT	F	6-7
41	CLEM LABINE	F	6-6
50	BOB BREIDALE	F	12-13

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	W	L	ST
1958	7	73	83	21
1959	3	64	70	11
1960	3	59	81	—
1961	3	58	85	—
1962	8	82	82	3

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	HITTERS	PITCHING
1974	FURILLO 256	FURILLO 23-15
1975	FURILLO 256	ERSKINE 19-9
1976	CHAMBERLAIN 300	NEWMAN 23-7
1977	CHAMBERLAIN 300	NEWMAN 23-5
1978	SNIDER 242	ERSKINE 18-15

HOME RUNS	BATS BATTED IN
1958	ROSEBORO 22
1959	ERSKINE 40
1960	ERSKINE 43
1961	ERSKINE 42
1962	ERSKINE 42

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
AT LOUIS 14*,16*,18*	PHILADELPHIA 11*,12*	AT LOUIS 15*,16*,17*,18*	CHICAGO 22*,23*	PHILADELPHIA 1-2	AT LOUIS 15*,16*,17*
CHICAGO 17*,18*,19	PITTSBURGH 13*,14*	MINNAPOLIS 16*,17*	ST LOUIS 24*,25*,26	CHICAGO 4-5	CHICAGO 4-5
SAN FRANCISCO 20*,21*,22*	AT LOUIS 20*,21*,22*	CHICAGO 18*,19*,20*,21*	PITTSBURGH 27*,28*,29*	MINNAPOLIS 20-8	MINNAPOLIS 20-8
	PHILADELPHIA 22*,23*,24*	SAN FRANCISCO 22*,23*,24*		SAN FRANCISCO 25*,26*,27*	
	ST LOUIS 25*,26*	AT LOUIS 26*,27*			



LEADING OFF FOR THE PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES IS RICHIE ASHBURN, NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING CHAMPION AND A FAST MAN ON THE BASE PATHS



ASHBURN



W. ANDERSON



POST



BOUCHER



FERNANDEZ



G. ANDERSON

The good old days for the Phillies were in 1950, when Manager Eddie Sawyer led the club to its first pennant in 35 years. Those days are gone, and the Phillies are back in eighth place. Once again it's Sawyer's job to take them on and up

STRONG POINTS When a team allows its opponents to score 100 more runs than it does, it's got bad trouble. The pitching, defense and power all fell down badly in 1958. Fortunately, Sawyer has some good material to maneuver with, right on hand. One old friend from his 1950 team, Robin Roberts, stoutly maintained—while losing 40 games in two seasons—that he didn't need to change his style. Last year he came back and won 17, so it looks as if he was right. Maybe Roberts is primed to start off on another string of 20-game seasons. Curt Simmons, the left-hander with

all the good stuff and all the bad back, looked good in training but then was bothered again by his old elbow trouble. Behind these two longtime mainstays is a wealth of pretty good pitchers: Ruben Gomez, the ex-Giant; Ray Sempach, who looked like the Rookie of the Year for half a season; Jack Meyer, with his rediscovered fast ball; Jim Owens, another hard thrower back from two years in the service; promising Doc Cardwell, lefty Seth Morehead and lanky Gene Conley, late of the Braves. Dick Farrell, the National League's answer to Ryne Duren, still projects rock-



PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

ets and will be ready for anything in the bullpen. Another familiar face Sawyer is glad to see is that of Center Fielder Richie Ashburn, the Whiz Kid who grew older gracefully—and not too noticeably. A genius with the bat, Ashburn led the National League in hitting, was second only to Willie Mays in stealing bases and caught his usual quota of close to 500 fly balls in the outfield. Smooth-swinging Left Fielder Harry Anderson, in only his third year in the majors, is one of the fine young power hitters around (.301 batting average, 23 home runs, 97 RBIs). Right Fielder Wally Post, who can hit a baseball as far as anyone, is strong again. This is good news for the Phils since Post averaged 33 homers a season the three years previous to 1958. With Ed Bouchee around from the start of the season, the Phils have yet another good power hitter and no first-base problems. The reserve outfielders, young Bob Bowman and old Dave Philley, came off the bench and made 31 pinch hits between them. Moody Chico Fernandez, the sometimes smooth-fielding shortstop who has the talent to do better, can hit higher than .230. Aging Willie Jones found his batting eye last year when he hit .271; he might do it again this season if he's needed at third.

WEAK SPOTS Off last year's averages, they are defense, pitching, power and speed—just about everything a ball club needs. No one could make the double play at second, and this helped to make the pitching go from fair to bad. Only the championship Braves had a better team batting average, but everyone in the lineup except Harry Anderson hit singles only, and it takes too many of them to win ball games, especially if your base runners can't move around. The Phillies seem to have partially corrected some of these flaws.

ROOKIES AND NEW FACES The player who may make the big difference in the Phils this season is

rookie George Anderson, a smart, hard-working little second baseman who can make the double play. His hitting is dubious (so they talk about his intangibles, à la Eddie Stanky), but his fielding should make up for it. Gene Freese, who played part-time for the Pirates and Cards last year, is another who could plug up the infield sieve. He hit sharply in spring training and makes the plays at third that Willie Jones used to a few years back. Both add speed to the team. Gene Conley, who got in shape by playing a full season of basketball with the Boston Celtics, could help if his arm is all right. The Phils obtained Valmy Thomas and Gomez in the same trade with the Giants. Thomas, a steady, dependable catcher, won the No. 1 spot in spring training. Ruben Gomez is, well, Ruben Gomez. When he wants to pitch, he's tough to beat. The Phils feel he likes Philadelphia, and that he'll want to pitch.

THE BIG IF'S They are many in Philadelphia, but that's a good sign in a last-place ball club: at least there's something here worth speculating about. George Anderson and Gene Freese are the biggest question marks. Both need to hit well enough to make the team, or it's back again to the same old infield problems. Bouchee and Post have to regain the home-run habit; if not, the bases will be cluttered with Phillies with no home to go to (more runners were left on base last year by the Phils than any other team in the league). Another big year by Roberts, a return to last season's early form by Sempach and Farrell and good health for Simmons are not too much to ask, especially if the defense is better and the power more frequent.

THE OUTLOOK Last season everything fell apart all once, and there was no escaping deserved confinement in eighth place. This year the team should be better. It will not be a contender or even a first-divisor club, but it should be good enough to transfer to someone else occupancy of the National League cellar.



THOMAS

SIMMONS

ROBERTS

GOMEZ

SEMPACH

FARRELL

BASIC ROSTER

NO.	NAME	POSITION	1958 RECORD
1	BOB ASHURN	CF	350
2	WALLY POST	RF	311
3	GENE FREESE	2B	249
5	ED BOUCHEE	1B	237
6	WILLIE JONES	3B	271
8	VALMY THOMAS	C	269
9	RUBEN GOMEZ	LF	301
10	BOB BOWMAN	OF	226
12	DAVE PHILLEY	OF	309
14	WALLY POST	RF	302
17	CHICO FERNANDEZ	SS	250
24	JIM KOSAN	C	201
45	GEORGE ANDERSON	2B	(rookie)
25	CERT SIMMONS	P	7-14
35	BORIS ROBERTS	P	17-12
43	MARSH KATZ	P	16-12
42	JACK SIEGEL	P	3-4
44	DON HARRIS	P	8-9
46	REX MURKIN	P	1-6
48	RAY SEMPACH	P	13-11

PAST PERFORMANCE CHART

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1978	8	69	81	21
1977	5	77	77	18
1976	7	71	83	22
1975	4	77	77	21½
1974	4	75	79	22

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS	
BATTING	PITCHING
1978 ANDERSON 250	ROBERTS 17-14
1977 ANDERSON 267	SIMPSON 19-8
1976 ANDERSON 285	SIMPSON 31-10
1975 ANDERSON 238	ROBERTS 23-14
1974 ANDERSON 313	ROBERTS 23-15

HOME GMS	
WON	LOST
1978 ANDERSON 23	ANDERSON 97
1977 REPUSAK 23	BOUCHEE 76
1976 REPUSAK 32	LOPATA 90
1975 KATZ 29	EVANS 120
1974 KATZ 23	EVANS 119

HOME SCHEDULE

*Night game

APRIL	JULY
CHICAGO 10*, 11, 12, 12	PITTSBURGH 1*
MILWAUKEE 22*, 23*	CINCINNATI 2*, 2*
PITTSBURGH 24*, 25, 26, 26	MILWAUKEE 4*, 5
SAN FRANCISCO 27*, 28*	ST. LOUIS 8*, 10*, 11
LOS ANGELES 29*, 30*	CHICAGO 12, 12
	SAN FRANCISCO 13*, 12*, 14*
	LOS ANGELES 17*, 18, 18, 19

MAY	AUGUST
CHICAGO 3*, 4, 5, 5	PITTSBURGH 11*, 12*
ST. LOUIS 3*, 4*	CINCINNATI 14*, 15, 16, 16
MILWAUKEE 22*, 23, 24, 24, 25*	ST. LOUIS 17*, 18*
	CHICAGO 18*, 19*
	SAN FRANCISCO 21*, 22, 22
	LOS ANGELES 24*, 25*

JUNE	SEPTEMBER
CHICAGO 2*, 3*, 4*	PITTSBURGH 4*, 5, 6
ST. LOUIS 3*, 4, 7, 7	ST. LOUIS 19*, 20
LOS ANGELES 5*, 10*, 11*	CINCINNATI 22*
SAN FRANCISCO 12*, 13*, 14	
PITTSBURGH 30*	



PART III: TOMMY ARMOUR

'MY BRAINS— AND YOUR MUSCLES!'

by TOMMY ARMOUR

In the first two parts of this series, taken from "A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour" (published this week by Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), Tommy persuaded Bill, a mediocre golfer, that the real reason he was so bad was because he wouldn't think on a golf course. Armour suggested that they make up a foursome with two other players, Ed and Jim, in the course of which Bill would play his shots but Armour would think for him. Bill agreed, and at the point where this installment begins he has played four holes, trying to take Tommy's advice on two of them, and being on his own on the other two. Now the foursome is playing the long, 550-yard, par-5 8th hole. Bill had a nice 210-yard drive, but lunged on his second and moved the ball only a little more than 100 yards diagonally across the fairway. He played his third safely, without straining for distance, and the ball came to rest about 40 yards short of the green.

THE PRECEDING SHOT had been one of those easy, satisfying ones that erase bitter recollections. By now Bill was believing that he'd played all the holes all by himself and that only the demands of his business kept him from going out after big championships.

He grabbed a nine-iron. It was the proper club. The green to which he was playing had a few mild undulations but generally was rather flat. What he needed to do was to pitch at the hole rather than play a chip shot that might bump into a small knob and slide far off the line.

Bill bent over the ball with his feet wide apart. His posture was fine for sweeping a ball with a short-handled broom but not for hitting a ball with a golf club. He was getting excited and in a hurry to get the ball into the hole. He was hoping, not thinking.

His grip was O.K. That was about

all that was right. His heels were nearly three feet apart. He was standing somewhat pigeon-toed and his weight was on his toes. The ball was in line with his left toe and he was leaning to the right.

Should I let him try to play the shot from that atrocious address or direct him to the proper procedure?

I couldn't stand looking at him on the brink of disaster.

"Don't do that to me!" I implored.

Bill straightened up and looked at me, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you ought to think about what you are supposed to do."

"Tommy, don't worry. I'll make this one."

"You probably won't. Why don't you try to play it correctly, even if you miss it? The odds are better for you when you try to make the shot as it should be made. First of all, get

continued

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Background: Solid Tone long sleeve Casual Coat, \$15.00; Boxer Swim Trunks, \$5.95.

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your feet close together. You don't need any footwork and body action in this shot. Merely have your feet and body free from tension. Stand up as close to the ball as you are allowed to by the length of the shaft and the lie of that club when you've soled it behind the ball. Open your stance. Have your toes about on a 45° angle from the line to the hole so your body will be faced around toward the hole."

Bill adjusted his stance.

"Play the ball off your right toe. You'll notice your left arm and the shaft of the club are in a line from



FIFTH HOLE: A STAGGER
AND A BRILLIANT RECOVERY

your shoulder joint to the clubface. You are leaning just the least little bit to the left because your weight is mainly on your left foot and it should stay there all through the shot.

"Remember to keep your head steady, swing smoothly with your shoulders and slap the ball smartly with your hands. It is much simpler than it sounds. Most of it you do in getting ready to shoot. Let's try it."

Bill stepped away from the ball and made a practice swing.

"Take the club straight back. Get into your head the general idea of knocking the ball into the ground, not knocking the ground into the ball. The duffer makes a scoop at these shots. The golfer hits them," I told Bill. "Now go ahead and shoot."

Bill looked good as he addressed the ball. He took the club back well—then everything must have gone blank. He staggered into the ball and shanked it wretchedly into the bunker.

He stared at me with the horror-stricken gaze of a man who'd just shanked.

"Can I try it again?" he entreated.

"No?"

"What went wrong?"

"Think about that and you'll do it wrong again. Remember the main idea—stay still and hit with your hands. You misplayed another shot by trying to hit with your body instead of your hands."

"Well, I'll do it right this time."

"There won't be another time here. You haven't been able to stand concentration yet, but you'll learn if I have to pound it into you. You've got to concentrate, think and do right the first time. A cow could hit the ball right the second time. You're not going to be encouraged to be sloppy and get two chances to think."

Bill stalked off toward the bunker.

"Play the same shot you splashed

out of the bunker on the hole before. Open up the club and go through with the shot," I reminded Bill.

He walked up to the shot, wriggled his feet to get a good foundation in the sand and played a perfect shot. The ball skidded and stopped about six feet from the pin.

Bill looked over the line of the putt from back of the ball to the hole, then from beyond the hole back to the ball.

"Am I right? Let it drop in from the left-hand edge?" he asked.

"You are. And if you miss it on the right-hand side we'll call the whole deal off and walk right into the clubhouse." I wanted to put some hard pressure on Bill. If a golfer is under pressure and can analyze the situation and perform smoothly, his brain is functioning, but if he gets into a critical spot and becomes jerky and almost paralyzed, he's hopeless. He beats himself!

My partner took a couple of practice strokes with his putter to get the feel, then stepped up to the ball, apparently with a clear picture of the putt in his mind. That clarity always gives a man confidence.

continued

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TOMMY ARMOUR continued

And what do you think happened?
He holed his putt!

It curved just enough toward the
end to drop into the hole without any
trembling.

We got off the green and I gave him
the box score on brain and brawn
for the fifth hole.

"Your drive was an admirable ex-
hibition of balanced mental and phys-
ical action. Your head figured out
what should be done and allowed
your muscles to do it. A peculiar thing

the clubface could get against the
ball.

"But don't be downcast. Your shot
out of the bunker and that putt of
yours both showed head. You have
the rigorous task of breaking some
bad habits. Your worst habit is that
of not thinking out a specific and di-
rect plan of procedure. You've got to
train yourself to determine what shot
is to be made, then execute it."

The other fellows were waiting for
us on the sixth tee. We stepped up
our gait.

Famous golfers have talked of our



about golf as it is often played by av-
erage golfers is that they actually
spend a lot of effort in preventing the
correct and easy action.

"Your second shot was a lugubri-
ous affair. You charged at the ball
blindly like an infuriated water buf-
falo. The shot was perfect in one way
—it was perfectly brainless.

"The third shot was hit efficiently.
You applied the required amount
of effort and got maximum results.
There were more fine things in that
shot than are dreamt of in your phi-
losophy—and in mine, too, I will ad-
mit—and most of them were simply
allowed to occur as the natural result
of a correct start and a normal de-
velopment, instead of being forced."

"Do you mean that all you have to
do is to begin a shot right, then don't
interfere with its natural progress?"
Bill wondered out loud.

"It's not that simple, but if you
know what the natural progress
should be you will promote it. Your
shank was a case of forcing a mistake.
You tried to steer that shot instead
of being content to hit it simply and
squarely. You pushed yourself at the
ball and your club was coming from
so far outside the line of flight that
only the shank of the club and not

sixth as one of the greatest short par-
4 holes in the world.

It is 340 yards long and I could tell
you 340 tales about the various ways
it has been played. It is a storybook
hole that tests ability and concentra-
tion. In championships noted golfers
have found it a fearful experience. It
beckons as a siren beguiles, then
wrecks the unwary. Many a seasoned
contestant has stood on this sixth
tee dreaming of a birdie and has
awakened, after a nightmare, to write
a horrendous 8 or a fatal 11 on a card.

The fairway is narrow. The green
is what usually is termed kidney-
shaped. There is a deep bunker in
front and to the right. If you are not
prudent and proficient this bunker
may jump up and chew up your pro-
spect for a decent score.

It's a hole that makes all smart
men equal, something like Samuel
Colt's contribution to the arsenal of
small arms.

The hole is so tight that par 4 prac-
tically is a birdie and a 5 is a score
you can accept with relief. Only a few
3s are registered here during the sea-
son.

The entrance to the green is from
the left, and you've got to play two

continued



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TOMMY ARMOUR *continued*

perfect shots to get onto the green and stay on.

I said to Bill, "I am glad that this hole is your deal alone. It has made me respect it. It is going to determine how well you can think golf and how well you can play golf."

I sat on the tee bench as Bill looked over the terrain, trying to decide where to tee his ball.

To guide his thinking I remarked, "There's only one question: How are you going to attack this hole? By the card it is a simple 4; by construction it can be a difficult 8. Using a few of your millions of brain cells I can maneuver the ball into the hole in five strokes."

Bill replied, "Maybe you can. But I'm playing this one all alone."

He was sweating a little when he teed the ball. He placed the ball properly on the right side of the tee. The tee shot had to be to the left because of the entrance to the hole and to take advantage of the long dimension of the green.

Bill was really getting good at the

a golfer like Bill called for a drive.

He was 120 yards from the hole. The pin was placed behind the bunker and not with any too much room between the sand and the cup.

Bill could go directly for the pin, but if he didn't hit the shot exactly right he'd be in bad shape. If he went over the green he'd be down in a wooded hollow that we call Death Valley. If he went short and a little off line he'd be in abysmal bunkers. The left bunker isn't the terror that the right one is, because you can come out of it playing the long axis of the green, but even so, you've got to play a first-class wedge shot to get out at all—and stay on the green.

I put the situation up to Bill so he'd use imagination in making his campaign and asked, "If you were playing for big money what would you do now? What club would you use?"

To my astonishment, and that of the other fellows and the caddies, Bill took out an eight-iron. We didn't think he'd be conservative.

When I looked at him inquiringly he explained. "I'm going to play this



tee shots. By teeing the ball so he could let his club fly and have a big landing area for his drive he wouldn't have to try to steer the shot. That protected him against stiffening.

He got a nice, firm, flexible grip. He stayed down to the shot so his right shoulder went well under his chin before he turned his head. He stayed back of the ball, threw his right hand into the shot like a third baseman lining one across to first and kept the club in the groove adroitly with his left hand.

It was one of those shots that healed the wounds of some sorry efforts. Our opponents and I looked at Bill's drive in admiration. It went a good 220 yards to the left, just exactly where perfect play for

to the left of the line to the hole. I've got the safe line in my mind and I'm not going to look at the pin."

He took his stance and waggled his club a few times, then stepped away from the ball.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He replied, "I don't know. I just don't feel right."

He was using his head this time. I have been criticized for not stepping right up to the shot and taking a bang at it. I've heard Middlecoff and Hogan censured by gallery experts who shoot 80 when they're lucky, because Middlecoff and Hogan take time with shots. But the valuable truth is that you save time in golf by taking enough time to

continued



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TOMMY ARMOUR continued

feel right before you begin to swing.

Bill finally got himself settled and appeared to be in stable balance and free enough to be able to swing smoothly.

Again he'd had the ball at the right spot in relation to his feet and again he stayed down to the ball and swung rather lazily until his hands punched into the shot.

The ball, as it does on shots when a golfer thinks about nothing except hitting with precision, authority and no haste, was better than Bill knew how to make.

It soared onto the green, took a couple of hops and coasted to a halt about 30 feet to the left of the hole.

The rest was an anticlimax. He made two good putts. The first one he rolled to about two feet away from the hole. It wasn't on the high side, but I didn't regard that as a mistake because the green sloped quite abruptly around the hole. The smart thing to do was to lag up safely so if a long and lucky putt wasn't holed, the next putt would be one of those short uphill putts that make the hole look nine feet wide.

I wish I could describe what he did in handling the putt so well. The job was almost wholly a matter of touch, and how can you describe touch?

Touch is something that has the finger tips doing the talking. I suppose that someday somebody could write a learned treatise on the ulnar and digital nerves that might help explain the feeling of a good putt, but after you'd get through reading it, you would forget to hit the ball.

I've tried a million ways—more or less—to get the correct sensation of touch over to pupils of mine. In those efforts I have used similes that I thought were keyed to the personality of the golf pupil so there'd be a vivid mental picture painted, but the sensation of the correct touch in golf completely baffles analysis and description. About all I know for sure is that sensitive touch is in your finger tips and if you press hard the sensitivity will be deadened.

When you learn the feel of a fine golf shot—and it is a combination, I suppose, of sensations originating in various areas of your system—you know what should be done to play good golf but you won't know the words to tell exactly how to recapture the feeling.

continued

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TOMMY ARMOUR *continued*

What had happened to Bill on the green at the sixth hole was that he was so relaxed after getting to the green in two fine shots that his nerves and muscles were loose and delicately responsive. Hence the two fine putts.

He didn't realize it then but he had added another story to my library of sixth-hole tales. He was the colorless common golfer who had played the hole absolutely perfectly.

When we left the green I thought of a couple of highly proficient professionals who probably would have won a couple of national championships if they had played this hole as well as it had just been played

That sort of a shot will fade 90% of the time it's made. You are standing so you can't turn as easily as you can on level ground and you have to make an upright swing.

Bill took his three-wood and aimed to the right of the bunker. He made another fine swing. It was obvious that he had set up a plan in his mind and was going to trust his swing.

The shot had more fade to it than Bill had anticipated. It landed in the rough but it wasn't lying too badly. On most courses these days the rough isn't much more than long fairway. The game has been softened a lot by elimination of the tough and tight rough that bordered most fairways until about a dozen years ago.



EIGHTH HOLE: MORE DANGEROUS THAN IT LOOKS

by a high-handicap golfer unknown to glory.

[The seventh hole was a short par 3, 130 yards and almost all of it across the water of a lake. Bill wanted to play it as conservatively as possible, even to using an old ball that looked as if it had been played 36 holes with an ax. Tommy bullied him from tee to cup, including an invaluable putting lesson, and Bill wound up with a very professional par 3.]

The eighth hole was a long par 4, a dogleg from left to right. Bill, who was driving very well by now, got off another good one, but the rest of the route was long and dangerous. There was a yawning bunker about 100 yards out from the green on the left, and it was a strong temptation to Bill, after his fine drive, to try to carry it.

However, he wisely second-guessed after looking over the prospects and figured that a sidehill lie with him standing above the ball was going to be a problem that he had better handle with care.

My companion plainly was proud of his technique and judgment as he walked up to his ball. He appraised the situation and lifted a nine-iron out of his bag.

He was beginning to give me hope that he was learning fast and escaping from the terrors that arise in the imagination of the average golfer. Right here was one of those short shots that the ordinary player fears might go into a bunker guarding a green, so he doesn't concentrate on hitting the ball. He tries to scoop it up and he falls back onto his right foot. Up comes the club with its sole nipping the ball above its middle and skidding it along the grass. Would this happen to Bill?

NEXT WEEK: LESSON IV

In his fourth and final lesson, Tommy Armour describes Bill's decision on the eighth and new problems that arise on the ninth hole—and, at the 13th, proffers some considered judgments.



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BOXING / Martin Kane

Labyrinthine plans laid in Indianapolis

**In secrecy and some confusion,
boxing nonetheless seemed
to confirm its new vitality**

IN A hotel room of a midwestern city which, for security reasons, can be described only as Indianapolis, two men met in secret last weekend and made decisions which established scientifically that not only baseballs but boxing promotions can take sharp curves.

The two men were Gus D'Amato, manager of Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight champion of the world, and Cecil Rhodes, a soft-spoken young man who decided recently to step briskly from the comparative safety of a prosperous steel-fabricating business into the tar pits of boxing promotion.

Last Thursday Rhodes had announced in New York that he would promote Floyd Patterson's next title fight, against the Britisher Brian London, No. 4 contender in National Boxing Association ratings, and that the fight would be held in Las Vegas on May 1. On Saturday he was in Indianapolis getting ready to announce that the fight would not be in Las Vegas but in Indianapolis.

The reasons behind the abrupt shift lay pretty much concealed in the labyrinthine mind of D'Amato, who was conspicuously absent from the press conference called to announce the Las Vegas date. He did say, however, that one reason for the change in locale lay in published reports that illicit gambling money, and not the legal gambling money of Las Vegas, lay behind the promotion. Both D'Amato and Rhodes denied, of course, that this was so but felt that such rumors would taint Rhodes's maiden promotional effort. So for



PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR, Brian London heads for the U.S.—and \$75,000.

once Las Vegas, which had bet on the fight as an ideal publicity attraction, lost on the spin of a roulette wheel.

The spin was the ultimate whirl in one of boxing's giddiest weeks, which included an announcement by Bill Rosenzohn, another young promoter traveling in the often uncertain D'Amato orbit, that he would charge a \$100 top for 2,000 "red carpet ring-side seats" when Patterson meets Ingemar Johansson, the No. 1 contender, at Yankee Stadium on June

continued

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TOM GALLERY, NBC sports director, has not yet agreed to Indianapolis.



CUS D'AMATO, erratic but still determined, may be alone in knowing what he wants to do.

BOXING continued

25. Another 8,000 will go for a more modest \$50, he said, and the 80,000-seat stadium will be scaled to do a \$1.5 million business.

Not the least of Rhodes's announcements on Thursday was that the National Broadcasting Company would televise the Patterson-London fight under the aegis of Gillette, regular sponsor of the *Friday Night Fights* and now engaged in hearty competition with the American Broadcasting Company's *Wednesday Night Fights*. These are promoted by James D. Norris and Truman Gibson, who once promoted the *Friday Night Fights*, too, but lost out for these in an antitrust decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. It was announced further by Tom Gallery, NBC sports director, that NBC and Gillette would join in televising two more Patterson defenses after the London and Johansson fights are out of the way. Rhodes later demurred that there was only an agreement "to discuss" each of these fights as they came along.

If the plans work out, Patterson will become a familiar figure on home television. His two fights with Hurricane Jackson and his fight with Archie Moore, in which he won the title, were on home TV but he has not been seen there since. The prestige of the heavyweight title will add greatly to the prestige of the *Friday Night Fights*, as well, and Patterson's re-

newed activity will add to the prestige of boxing itself and to the champion's peace of mind.

For Patterson, though a firm sympathizer in D'Amato's assault on the International Boxing Club monopoly, never had felt comfortable in prolonged idleness. News that the London and Johansson fights were to be followed by others in relatively quick succession cheered him greatly at his New Jersey training camp.

"Now I can be a fighting champion," he said, and proceeded to pummel sparring partners with even greater vim than he had been showing a week ago, when the sparring partners were forced to don D'Amato-designed padded vests to protect them from his body punches. Sloppy and slow in his preparations for the fight with Roy Harris last August and during the fight itself, Patterson has regained his swift reflexes and his timing to such a degree that he has had difficulty keeping sparring mates. If he maintains this keen edge until the night of the London fight it will be a sign that the magnificent Patterson of the night he won the title against Moore has at long last returned to the wars.

London is expected to come to the United States this week in defiance of a strange promulgation by the British Board of Boxing Control, whose stewards rejected London's application for the fight with a statement that it would not be "in the best interests of British boxing." The



CECIL RHODES, fleeing rumors of tainted money, apologetically dropped Vegas for Indianapolis.



ADMIRAL BERGEN may only think he has some deals in the bag.

board is not, as some believe, an official body, but a group of private individuals, who organized in 1929 and have since come to rule boxing utterly in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland with the voluntary compliance of promoters, managers and, of course, fighters. Its financial support comes from the fights thus promoted with its consent, and its principal contributor is, naturally, the principal British promoter, Jack Solumons, business friend of the IBC.

LONDON'S FINEST HOUR

With a guarantee of \$75,000 for fighting Patterson and even a chance, though a slim one, at winning the title, London decided to snoot the board and even, perhaps, do all his future fighting in the United States. A rugged brawler with few skills and almost total inability to avoid a jab, he is nevertheless brutally strong and tough and just about ideal material to give Patterson a needed fight before he takes on the much more formidable Johansson in June.

At least once before the boxing board made a similar decision in the case of a British fighter invited to meet an American heavyweight champion. That was when it forbade Tommy Farr to fight Joe Louis. Farr lasted a full 15 rounds and gave Louis one of his roughest nights.

Rhodes's apocryphal announcement that the London fight would be in Las Vegas was made at the Madison Square Garden Club at a meeting

called by and presided over by Rear Admiral John J. Bergen, USNR, new Garden head since his Graham-Paige Corporation bought the arena from James D. Norris. This, and some hopeful remarks by the admiral, led to a temporary belief that the Garden had reached an amiable understanding with D'Amato, who has, in fact, been dickering with the admiral. It was presumed that the Garden would participate in the promotion of Patterson's projected title defenses as televised by NBC, with which the Garden has a contract to supply contestants. It turned out that this was mostly presumption. Rhodes refuses to confirm that the Garden would participate in any of his promotions, though he does not rule it out.

One reason for the selection of Indianapolis as a site for the Patterson-London fight was that D'Amato had previously been approached with an offer to have Patterson fight there on the eve of the Memorial Day 500-mile speed classic and had been impressed by promises of promotional cooperation. As negotiations proceeded with Indianapolisans, D'Amato seemed happy, but Rhodes glumly contemplated a storm of ridicule and abuse which, he anticipated, would follow as night the day his announcement of the switch in plans. But to D'Amato, to whom such a storm would be mild springlike weather compared to what he endured during his war with the IBC, the outlook was serene.

END

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HARTACK SITS BY HIMSELF IN GULFSTREAM PARK JOCKEY ROOM, READING A RACING PAPER WHILE OTHER RIDERS PLAY CARDS

HORSE RACING / William Leggett

Just call me Bill

Jockey Hartack's ability and arrogance have made him the storm center of the season

THIS guy has gotten too big and too smart. He'll never ride another horse for me."

The speaker was Fred W. Hooper, president of the American Thoroughbred Owners Association. The object of his ire was William John Hartack Jr., one of the most successful jockeys in the world and the problem child of horse racing who has the mount on this year's Kentucky Derby favorite Easy Spur.

It was last February 21 when Hartack outstomped Owner Hooper and Hialeah's biggest crowd in two years. He had gone to the post on Hooper's Greek Circle, a 4-to-5 favorite. At the post Hartack said his horse was sore and asked a veterinarian to look him over. The vet examined the horse and pronounced him fit to race. Hartack, however, disagreed and refused to ride Greek Circle. The Hialeah management, worried about television time commitments (TV is

the new apprentice dictator at U.S. race tracks), ended the delay by scratching Greek Circle, costing themselves a new pari-mutuel betting record. There was \$136,089 bet on Hooper's runner which had to be returned. When Hooper went down to the track to find out what was wrong, Hartack walked away; all he would say was "the horse is sore."

The soreness has never been proved or disproved, but the fact is established that Fred Hooper and a lot of other racing people are sore—at Hartack. He has become the most controversial character in American racing, and American racing doesn't like controversy. He is the Ted Williams of the turf, and, indeed, he professes great admiration for Williams. Hartack was on the same plane as Williams a few weeks ago but didn't care to introduce himself: "I'd like to meet him, but I didn't know how to approach him," Hartack said the other day. "I've always admired him. A couple of times when he spat at the fans he was right. And when he was fined, I think he was right, too. If the fans would only put themselves in his shoes and have to take the guff

and stuff they'd go crazy. But as I say, I don't want people coming and introducing themselves all the time."

The Greek Circle incident was only one in a series which has been building Hartack's unenviable reputation. The latest occurred at Gulfstream Park, where they are running now. Hartack rode in four races, and suddenly told the clerk of scales to take him off his remaining mounts. He failed to ask permission of the stewards, and was fined \$100.

The story was headlined as another instance of Hartack's bad behavior, but the jockey's agent, Chick Lang, has a good explanation: "Billy had ridden a 2-year-old in a three-furlong race the day before. Two hundred yards out of the gate he was hooting and hollering and his upper denture fell out and into the mud. He's very self-conscious about wearing his plate, and he had another denture at home. He wore it out to the races the next day and it cut the inside of his mouth. The story in the newspapers said his mouth was full of mud and so he canceled his rides. But his mouth was full of blood, too, and that's why he canceled."

Hartack's personality first became a matter of serious public discussion last September when he and apprentice James Johnson had a post-race fight in the jocks' room at Atlantic City. He drew a 15-day suspension for that, as well as censorious comment from Charles Hatton, a senior racing correspondent, who wrote gravely in *The Morning Telegraph*: "Jockeyship as a profession has dignity, a

tradition of sportsmanship imparted to it by such great little men as Isaac Murphy, Sir Gordon Richards, Earl Sande, (Eddie) Arcaro, George Woolf, Johnny Longden and Charlie Elliott. Small in stature, they were big enough for success, Hartack, nor any other rider, has the right to jeopardize the higher repute of jockeyship. He will remain Willie here until such time as he matures to Bill." (This last was an allusion to the diminutive which Hartack dislikes—Willam, Bill and Billy are all right with him, but not Willie.)

Hartack is not afraid to sustain a running feud with the press. Earlier this year, when he was about to serve a 10-day suspension for careless riding, he read in the *Miami Daily News* a statement by Racing Reporter Dick Kumble that "Hartack bounces up and down like a rubber ball and amazes purists by winning as many races as he does." The jockey retorted on a Miami TV show that "I knew him [Kumble] when he first came around the track. He didn't know anything then. He wouldn't know a horse if he slept with one."

Hartack has quarreled with own-

ers, trainers, jockeys and reporters; now he is at odds with officials. His own attitude is other than remorseful: "I know racing has given me a chance to make a lot of money (over \$1 million), but I also know that I'm in my position in racing today because of the fact that I get the horses down in front. Some say that racing has given me everything. It did not. I do not fit into racing's plans, racing fits into my plans. Take a look through the years and you'll see that if you are not near the top in racing then you are not wanted."

This un diplomatic independence is the key to his hard-to-get-along-with disposition. That, and, some say, a slightly swollen head. There is, however, a warm side to his character. His 19-year-old sister, Maxine, who is at the University of Miami, says, "I think he is terrific. He gives me everything I want. For Christmas he gave me a lot of new clothes. And he gave me a beautiful opal ring."

To some of the help at the Miami Springs Villas, right across the street from his home, Hartack appeared alone during the Christmas holidays. "I looked up from tending bar,"

said one of the workers, "and here came Bill, alone and carrying a bottle of champagne. The kid that everyone says is inhuman, cold and detached thought enough to come and give me champagne and a good tip."

Racing people across the land argue about Hartack. Writers proclaim that "he can't be bigger than the game," but this is sanctimonious nonsense. Racing has already a too-pronounced tendency to reduce itself to a drearily overcommercialized operation designed to fill the pockets of promoters and state tax collectors. The game should be rough and tough enough to have room for a few arrogant characters—and should also know how to keep them in line.

Nowadays people talk about Arcaro's sportsmanship, but Eddie used to be a very rough rider indeed. He once was suspended for a year, and now he thinks that was a turning point in his career.

As for Hartack, he is a cock of the walk, and maybe his feathers are about to be singed, too. Meanwhile, the only question which preoccupies the racing public is, "How many winners did he ride today?" **END**



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(If you missed them, just turn to page 105)

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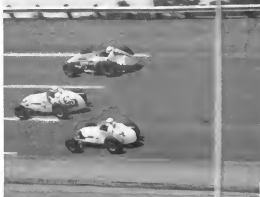
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MOTOR SPORTS / Dudley Doust



IN LIGHTNING COMPANY ON THE STEEP EAST TURN OF THE DAYTONA SPEEDWAY.

The fastest race in the world

It brought new fame to Jim Rathmann but cost a life at Daytona's new speedway

THE BIG, violent Offenhauser-powered Indianapolis cars came south to the Daytona International Speedway last week and, in a program sadly marred by the death of one of racing's best drivers, the world's fastest race was run on the imposing new track west of town.

George Amick, 34, the chubby little scrapper who finished second in the Indianapolis "500" last year and who earlier in the week snapped around the banked track to a one-lap American course record of 176.887 mph, was killed Saturday on the last lap of a 100-mile race for the big speedway cars. Amick, a bold driver bidding for a third-place finish, apparently attempted to turn down and

gain speed as he shot out of the west bank. He lost control of his new Bowes Seal Fast Special, drifted into the guardrail and somersaulted pell-mell down into the infield. It was a vicious accident; both front wheels and their axle were torn from the car. Amick was dead on arrival at the track hospital. The precise cause of Amick's trouble is unknown. It is likely he either fouled in the turbulent air wake of Driver Bob Christie's roadster, which was some 50 feet ahead, was sideswiped by the troublesome cross wind, or, to put it in race terms, simply "lost it."

The accident came only seconds after Jim Rathmann, a slender 30-year-old Miamian, famous for his grit and savvy, fled under the winner's flag for the first time that day, setting a new world competitive race record of 170.261 mph. Rathmann himself had established the old record, with



LITTLE GEORGE AMICK (NO. 3) DRIVES SMOOTHLY AND SEERENLY, WITHOUT FOREWARNING OF THE VIOLENCE SOON TO COME

his blistering 166.722 last summer on the high banks of Monza. Running beside his brother Dick as the field exploded past the yellow starting line, Rathmann tromped on the gas of his blue- and red-spotted Simoniz Special and seized the lead as they bent into the first turn. Rathmann, probably the driver most familiar with the track because of several practice runs he had made there in February, found his groove early and he drove it with urgent pressure. He was challenged only by a white Leader Card Special, driven by Rodger Ward, who was to survive a harrowing spin in the day's second race. For five laps Ward held the lead, but he couldn't escape, and on the 13th lap yielded, finally and for good, to the redoubtable Rathmann. Practically speaking, the race was over; Rathmann racked up 28 more lap purges on his way to a total of \$10,350 for the day's work.

The second race, scheduled as a 100-mile event, with no limit set on engine sizes, was cropped to 50 miles, due to unexpected driver fatigue and time spent in cleaning up after the wreck. Here again brave Jim Rathmann jumped into the lead at the outset, and Ward, who started in the

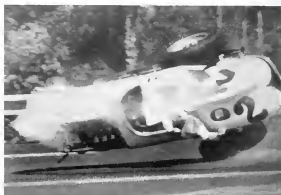
second row, was again to make a battle of it. He overtook his rival on the second lap and was hell-bent to get away when, suddenly, on the west turn, he spun out and floated lazily about a thousand feet to the exit of the chute—the spot where Amick began his sickening tumble. Rathmann, riding his tail, streaked past unperturbed, but Bob Christie was quickly forced to brake and nimbly guide himself past Ward's car. At that mo-

ment Christie lost his place to Dick Rathmann, and the brothers Rathmann ran one-two to the finish line.

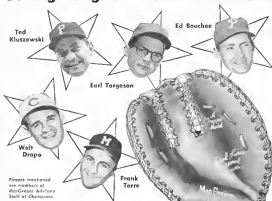
Scarcely noticed in all the excitement was the expert driving of young Jim Packard, a slender and grinning former midget racer. In a dirt track car, Packard finished ninth in the first race and fifth in the second. Also scarcely noticed was a slightly unusual entry. This was a Wolcott Special,

continued

HANGING FROM THE CAR AS IT ROLLS, AMICK HURTTLES TO HIS DEATH



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MOTOR SPORTS continued

featuring a positive displacement-type supercharger being perfected by Mechanic Herb Porter, which inhaled too much grime and came muddering into the pits after six laps of the first race.

On the following day, the tight whine of 27 sports cars traced around the big 2½-mile track and dropped down through the 1.3-mile infield loop in a six-hour international professional race for slices of a \$20,000 pie. When most of the big cars buckled under the torture, a pair of quick, silver Porsches purred in for first and second places. The winning co-drivers, Count Antonio Von Dory and Roberto Mieres, averaged 98.345 mph. Runners-up Art Bunker and Bob Said followed slightly more than a lap behind.

The track appears to be a true one, though unlearned and frightfully fast. Two drivers have been killed in its first nine weeks of operation; others have walked away from heart-stopping skids and wrecks. In practice last week three spectacular mishaps occurred. Bob Veith, coming off that west turn, struck the rail, slipped and skidded top-down for some 300 yards. He escaped with a banged shoulder and a chewed-up helmet. The cause: a mechanic had left a starter shaft in the nose of the car, upsetting the steering. Al Keller, roaring at 180 mph into the grandstand dogleg, hit what seems to have been a phantom bump and made four complete turns as he skidded 1,250 feet, the longest slide of the week. No injury. Then Jerry Unser hit the apron below the east turn, went up to smash twice into the guardrail, and got out with a sprained back.

After its second major race program the speedway has begun to show its own deceptively complex personality. "It's hard to realize your enormous speed and it's exhausting," says the 1966 "500" winner, Pat Flaherty. "Its winds are the trickiest, and it must be driven with great caution," says Veteran Tony Bettenhausen. Rodger Ward feels it might be attacked with cars of a longer wheel base. Old Pro Johnny Thomson will drive it as long as a purse is up. Jim Rathmann is convinced it's a great track. But all of them would agree with a comment George Amick made before the race.

"If you lose it here," he said soberly, "your rump is a grape." **END**



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500 variations of a treat

To the adventurous taster, the world's

cheeses offer a multitude of ready delights

ONCE when my father was stowing away his Limburger on the back porch because my mother refused to have its strident aroma permeating her kitchen, he told me the apocryphal story of the Arab who invented cheese: A traveler named Kanana, crossing the desert, had one morning put milk in his primitive canteen made from the stomach of a sheep. At nightfall he turned to it to restore himself. In the desert heat the contents of Kanana's canteen had been transformed into an unfamiliar solid substance. Sun-struck and famished, the traveler assayed the risk. His hunger got the better of him, and Kanana became the first man to sample cheese.

The fact, of course, is that nobody knows when or by whom the first cheese was made. But the unrecorded discovery of fermented curd in some prehistoric time has resulted in cheeses so various they are sold today under more than 500 different names.

Cheeses appear in a dazzling profusion of shapes, sizes, textures, colors and flavors. Sometimes made from the milk of cows, sometimes from the milk of ewes, goats or even mares, asses, reindeer, buffaloes, yaks and camels, cheeses differ in so many details that generations of scholars have found them to be a bewildering problem in classification. There are four primary groups—grating cheeses, firm cheeses, semisoft and soft cheeses. But the number of distinct varieties is generally considered to be 18—brick, Casuocavallo, Camembert, Cheddar, cottage, cream, Edam, Emmentaler, Gorgonzola, Gouda, hand, Limburger, Neufchâtel, Parmesan, Pecorino, Roquefort, sapsago and Trappist.

Today all of these varieties—even Limburger—find their ways in and out of our refrigerator, and the only one my wife and I have summarily evicted is *gjetost*, that indelicately barnlike confection from Norway. (Even our Scandinavian cheesemonger admits one has to be brought up on *gjetost* to appreciate it.) At our house we like to keep our palates sharp by experimentation. We may add zest to spaghetti sauce with gentle Parmesan or shift to the tangier excitement of freshly grated

Romano. The other day we topped a Spanish omelet with grated sapsago, the hard green cone of mildly Gorgonzola-flavored cheese that comes from the canton of Glarus in Switzerland. In its infinite variety cheese is an accent to make old dishes new.

Still, my favorite cheeses are those that stand alone. For me there is no finer way to finish a meal than with sheep's-milk Roquefort creamed with butter, or a Gruyère de montagne and a red Arbois wine, or a *bûche* of Camembert, a cheese so good that Normandy dairymen have erected a statue to the woman they say invented it. I have other favorites too numerous to mention, for a menu without at least one cheese is incomplete when the cooking is being done by either Judith or me.

In buying a cheese, the important thing to remember is that it should be perfectly aged before it is cut. If it is soft or semisoft—like Brie, Bel Paese, Port du Salut or Taleggio, to name just a few—it should be carefully wrapped in aluminum foil and kept in a cool place or in the refrigerator. But never serve it cold; remove it from its cool berth at least an hour before serving. Hard cheeses, like Parmesan, Romano and provolone, do not require refrigeration, but they too should be kept in foil wrappings to keep them from losing flavor. Even Limburger is easy to manage; if you feel like the members of a Wisconsin village council who not long ago tried to deny it transportation in the public streets, you can keep Limburger in a screw-top jar without contaminating the rest of the refrigerator. But don't relegate it to the back porch or that ineffable aroma may vanish.

I'm convinced there is no closer affinity among foods than good cheese and good wine. Yet there are other cheese-fanciers who make it a practice to serve cheese with cocktails. Whether you belong to the latter school or not, there is a zesty treat awaiting in the recipe below. It is an adaptation of a fine cheese pot served in rural Germany to wedding guests who linger to drink beer and sing *The Schnitzelbank Song*.

SNITZELBANK CHEESE POT

Remove outer skin from two Camembert cheeses and one *Liederkranz* (or Limburger), and put in a pan with $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of Roquefort, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons of flour and 1 pint of rich cream. Cook until melted, stirring constantly. Chop $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of pimiento-stuffed green olives and mix with melted cheese. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cayenne, and pour into decorative pot of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart capacity. Chill overnight. Remove from refrigerator one hour or more before guests arrive. Serve from the pot with Swedish-style rye crackers, brown bread or toast points.



Cheeses opposite are: 1) German Münster, 2) French Gruyère, 3) Swiss Emmentaler, 4) Swiss Gruyère, 5) Italian provolone, 6) Greek Manouri, 7) Swedish Ljuncost, 8) American Trappist, and 9) Norwegian gjetost.

Rufus and his friend Ike

Next time the President visits the Humphrey plantation he'll find his young setter waiting and sharper than ever

GEORGIA was coming abloom with blossoms and buds last week, and not only at Augusta, where the golfers gathered, but in the downstate plantation country around Thomasville too. There, every day, in clear weather or showers, a 60-year-old Negro named Rufus Davis led a 3-year-old English setter named George out over the rolling hills in pursuit of George's continuing education as a gun dog.

In Washington, as Rufus knew, there was talk of the President of the United States coming to Georgia for sun and golf after the Masters. Rufus did not actually expect the President to come to Thomasville this time, but it is part of his pride that, whenever Ike does come to Milestone Plantation, the dog called George will be in a sharp state of drill.

George is a special one among the 20 dogs that Rufus handles and

trains at Milestone, home of George Humphrey, former Secretary of the Treasury. Statuesque, like all his breed, he wears a coat of white with blue-black spots that Rufus describes as "blue ticks, kinda Ike." More importantly, he belongs to Dwight Eisenhower and is called George in honor of the boss of Milestone Plantation. Ike has ordered the setter trained for field-trial competition.

"Rufus," the President said on his February visit to Milestone, "I think George is ready for the field trials. I think he can do O.K."

"Yes, sir," said Rufus, "I think so myself."

RUFUS DAVIS HOLDS LEASH ON PRESIDENT'S SETTER GEORGE (FOREGROUND) AS IKE AND HOST HUMPHREY AWAIT HUNTING



So, as Rufus explained before a training walk the other morning, "I'm getting George ready. I take him out every day and shoot over him and teach him the fine points he should know."

But Rufus is not only the trainer. On hunting days he's the guide. He's been doing the same thing for the President for six years now.

"I always wakes up first around here in the morning," he said. "And go on down to the big house to get my orders. When the President is here, Mr. Humphrey gives them to me. He tells me to meet them at a certain location. So I loads up the hunting wagoes and gets on my horse and head for the woods. When I find quail, I holler 'point,' and the President and Mr. Humphrey drive up behind me in the wagon. I goes in the middle and flush the quail. The dogs are standing still as I train them to do. They do the shooting and then we go on again."

Rufus can well remember that first time the President came to Milestone. He chuckles with the memory

as Mrs. Humphrey tells the story. "The President walked up to Rufus after the hunt was over, and told him how much he had enjoyed it. 'Well,' Rufus said, 'I enjoyed handling you, Mr. President.'"

SMOKED BACON AND RIBS

"On that same visit Mr. Humphrey asked Rufus if he were thrilled to hunt with the President of the United States. 'Well,' Rufus answered, 'he's a fine hunter, Mr. Humphrey, but he ain't steeled to shot. Every time he shoots a bird he runs out and picks it up. Shucks, that's what I train dogs to do.'"

For the visitor, Rufus talked some more about his friend the President. His eyes sparkled, as eyes do when recollections are lurking behind them, etched in the memory and brought up to date by questions.

"The last time the President was here," Rufus spoke, "we talked about smoked bacon. He told me about the good old smoked bacon he used to get back in Abilene, his home town. We have it down here, and that time we also had some good ribs. The President really goes for those. When he comes down here he gets healthy. He leaves all his troubles and worries in Washington.

"He didn't come for a good while after he had his heart attack and even now he takes it easy. He has to stop and rest every once in a while."

Without so much as reaching down for a second wind, Rufus went on, stretching his lean, 5-foot-8 frame to shake the early-morning fuzziness from his head.

"That dog of his is a real good one. George came to Milestone as a pup. The President told me one day he has this dog somebody gave him and he wished me to take him down here and see what I can do with him. He told me he didn't know what he would make, but he was well bred. I told him he would have to ask Mr. Humphrey if it was O.K. If it was, it would be a great honor for me. He got the consent from the boss and I went to work on George.

"He turned out to be pretty good that first year, and now, two years later, he's really a good dog. By next year he'll be ready to run with the best in the field trials."

George is only one of two English setters on Milestone. The other belongs to Mrs. Humphrey. The 18 remaining dogs are pointers. The difference was apparent. George and his

single colleague were the long hair of the setter and swished a longer tail.

"These are mighty fine dogs," Rufus bragged. "I'm not saying I'm a good trainer, but I always gets the job done. I'll let somebody else say I'm good. We nearly always gets the limit of quail. The last time the President was here, only one day did he fail to fill the bag. He got nine one day, but all the other times he got 12 and that's the limit."

Rufus explained that Ike used a 20 gauge on his last safari. "He usually uses a 410 gauge," he said, "but the quail were stronger and the larger gauge was necessary."

Rufus paused. "The President is a regular guy," he said on an impulse, guessing correctly that his visitor was thinking of the same thing.

"He's a very nice fellow and a very good hunter. I can't rightly say if I would vote for him if he were running again. I have never voted because I just registered this year. I haven't got nothing against him at all. I'd probably go ahead and vote for him."

Then Rufus laughed. It was a low outburst that he failed to hide.

"I was just remembering the last time that the President was here," he confessed. "The President fell in a stump hole. Everybody rushed over to see if he's O.K. I went over and picked him up. There were a lot of people around. Maybe 20 or 30 of those Secret Service men. They don't bother me. They're all pretty nice people. The only thing I worry about is finding some birds. That's my job."

When training duties were over, Rufus led the way to his six-room cottage, lonelier now that Rufus is a widower and his children have grown up and moved to town. Inside, Rufus took out a photograph that is a prized and precious possession. It is of the two of them, Rufus and the President of the United States.

His visitor asked if it could be borrowed for use in a magazine. Rufus shook his head and asked the visitor to find some other picture. This one was something between him and the President. "I just couldn't let you print it. It just wouldn't seem right."

Rufus changed the subject. "I once trained another dog for the President," he said. "He took that one, another setter, to Gettysburg and used him to hunt there."

Why didn't Ike try to lure Rufus to Gettysburg?

"Couldn't take me away from Mr. Humphrey," Rufus said. **END**

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FLORIDA DERBY

continued from page 81

looked sound as a bell. "The only explanation I can think of," said Peoples, "is that he choked up on that mucus draining from his teeth after going three-quarters of a mile—and simply stopped."

"Either that," added Sharp, "or else he's the alltime bum of the race track. But whatever it was bothering him I'm inclined to just forget this race altogether and think about going to Kentucky. He deserves a chance at it, and if he continues to stay around I'm going to give him his chance."

Nothing else in the beaten Florida Derby field would seem to deserve that same chance. Already in Kentucky are the Calumet hopefuls, On-and-On and Toroculk, neither of whom yet looks threatening; Claiborne Farm's disappointing Duncie; and Cain Hoy's Hoiat Away, a Turn-To colt who, if I had to pick a dark horse now, would be as good a bet as any.

ULTIMATE TRIALS

New York is going to provide its Derby shippers in the next 10 days, and of course the big names there are First Landing, hoping to bounce back in the April 18th Wood Memorial, and Intentionally, who passed up the rewards and rigors of winter racing in favor of a South Carolina training track. Others who may win the necessary backing at Jamaica to undertake the trip to Churchill Downs include Atoll, Black Hills, Our Dad, Open View, Moony and maybe one of the Greentree colts. From New England comes Hurry Home, a Dark Star colt who will get his chance in the Wood.

The biggest question mark—and also the strongest Derby contingent in years—is the invading crew from California, headed by the unbeaten filly Silver Spoon. With her will come several of her Santa Anita Derby victims, including Royal Orbit, Finnegan and Tuleg, as well as last year's West Coast 2-year-old champion Tomy Lee, who is headed for Keeneland's Blue Grass stakes on April 23.

There are not more than 15 of the original 130 Kentucky Derby nominees who rate a chance to run for the rose wreath at the moment, but with the way the topsy-turvy season has been going so far it's beginning to look more and more as though the time is ripe for a whopping payoff on a long shot.

END

Six Poker Players You've Met



Dealt by
IRWIN STEIG

Kibitzed by
WILLIAM STEIG

If you have ever played poker, you should recognize one or all of these characters—and, possibly, yourself among them. This memorable gallery of Saturday night sports has been assembled from 'Poker for Fun and Profit' by the talented brothers Steig, to be published this month by McDowell, Obolensky Inc. (\$2.95).

FOR THE MEN AT THIS TABLE, TURN PAGE

© 1955 BY IRWIN AND WILLIAM STEIG

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED April 15, 1955

GAMBLER

THIRTY YEARS ago, the afternoon his alma mater won the big game, he wore a purple, small-peaked frosh cap. "It brought us luck," he says, and he still uses it. The moths attacked it one summer and it shows other effects of age, but he refused to let anybody repair or dry-clean it, lest it lose its magic. He wears it to the poker game, where his appearance is always greeted with a "Rah! Rah! Rah!"

"Yes, team," is his return greeting. The cap makes him look silly and he knows it. He smiles in the manner of a man who is willing to be the victim of a joke.



It is a sad joke: he is a consistent loser.

He has two interests: poker and the stock market. He plays uncompromising hands and buys speculative issues. "Nobody ever made money without risk," he says. "Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Carnegie—they were all gamblers."

After each disastrous poker session, Gambler suffers from the insomnia of defeat. He tells himself he will quit the game (this time he means it). Soon he is at it again.

Other nights he pictures himself living his life over with advance knowledge of how everything will turn out. In these reveries, he wins all the chips and amasses a fortune on Wall Street.

Gambler approaches poker with fatuous optimism: tonight he will tighten up and stay out of the swindles. He thrusts aside the possibility that he may be outplayed or outwitted.

Win or lose, he is willing to continue beyond the established quitting time.

"I love poker," he says. "It's always a thrill when I catch a straight or a flush. Even if somebody else catches a better hand, I get a kick out of it."

What he refuses to admit is that the thrill is coupled with a strange, raw feeling. He gets no authentic pleasure from poker.

He knows the odds and approved strategic principles but does not apply them to his procedure. Overpowering hunches compel him to play long shots which come in about as seldom as the book indicates.

"I expect to pay for my fun and I can afford it," he says. "Suppose I had gone out to a decent restaurant and taken in a show tonight. I've had a better time here for less money."

Gambler does not mention the collapse of International Plutonium, in which he owns 200 shares: a speculation which has made him a customer of a loan company.

Modern psychiatry explains him: unconsciously he wants to lose.

At the poker table he presents you with no problem. You do not have to beat him. He beats himself.

WAD

STARTING his business career as an operator in a dry-cleaning establishment, Wad accumulated enough money to buy out the owner. He worked long hours to pay off the mortgage. Once he was overcome by fumes from a solvent, and this is the basis of his assertion that his success was achieved at great risk.

He prospered, bought a second dry-cleaning establishment and in time became the owner of a chain. He bought an ornate house in a suburb—and an undeveloped 56-acre tract



near by. He developed the tract and sold it in small parcels, adding to his fortune.

Although Wad contributes to the local hospital and youth center, the amounts are much smaller than those from residents not nearly so wealthy. "Nobody appreciates what a man in my position is up against," he whines. "Everybody always asking for financial aid. I give to more people, places and things than you can imagine."

He gives only what is pressured out of him.

He tries to be friendly but has few friends. When he got the opportunity to join a group which plays poker for moderate stakes, he accepted eagerly but prefers gin. He says poker enables him to relax, but look at the incandescence in his eyes as he watches the fall of the cards. How can he relax where money is involved? No tighter player ever lived.

"Why don't you loosen up?"

"Why should I? In my younger days, working like a slave, I learned the value of a buck. I don't believe in throwing money away."

Because he does not throw any away by getting suckered into unfavorable situations, he wins more than he loses. He would win still more if he didn't throw it away by letting himself be pushed around when he falls behind.

When he falls behind? That is the time to bluff him: he curls up so readily.

Be careful if he says, "It's only chips," when he calls a bet. That remark means he has a lock.

BULLY

BIG and brash, he takes charge of the game. His basso profundo bounces from wall to wall as he issues his orders:

"You didn't ante—get it up." Or, "Stop shuffling the spots off 'em and deal." Or, "Get that drink to hell out of the way before you spill it." Or, "Stop relighting that miserable stogie—stick this fresh corona in your paws." Or, "Open the window. I'm roasting." Or, "Shut the window. It feels like an icebox in here." Or, "Fetch a fresh deck."

It is a carry-over from his contracting business, where he is considered a tough but fair boss. Next to Wad, Bully is the wealthiest member of the group. He has argued for increasing

the stakes: "That'll make it a livelier game." The majority, with Wad in the van, insist it is lively enough now. Nevertheless, Bully succeeds to some extent with blind early raises: "Let's build the pot." These often provoke spiteful remarks.

Although he denies being superstitious, he likes to change seats when



he is losing, and he has special quirks such as keeping a blue chip on top of each stack.

When he wins a pot with a full house, he announces, "Three of a kind—plus a wee little pair."

Four of a kind in his hand are, "Two pairs—identical."

Bully gloats when he wins and gripes when he loses. A had run makes him grumble and bellow and pound the table. "What does a man have to do to win a pot around here?"

The answers run to the ribald.

Merely tolerated by the other players, he is the darling of the kibitzers, for whose benefit he jests and shows off. Their presence brings out the best in his game. "I like to have people watching," he says. "The more the merrier."

"That's because you're a pathological exhibitionist," Wad once answered.

"And what do you think you are?" Bully roared.

Wad knew he had scored.

Bully holds the group record for the biggest winning night—and for the biggest losing night. A firm believer in the principle that one should push one's luck, he pushes his own—good or bad.

He is a fearless competitor and always dangerous. If you stay in a pot with him, be sure your cards give you a valid reason. Otherwise it will be expensive.

MOUSE

Why can't Mouse see what is obvious at the poker table? Because his low bank balance makes his imagination morbid, so that he focuses on what is not really there. Fear is his handicap.

"You ran out with queens!" somebody incredulously asks.

"I figured he had the straight," Mouse answers.

"He needed an 8, and two of them were showing."

"It was easy enough for him to have one."

"Don't you know him? All you had to do was look at his puss."

The bluffer grins and lies. "I had the straight, all right."

And Mouse believes it.

Permitting himself to be bluffed is no more costly than his failure to cash in sufficiently on his winners:

"With a straight you didn't raise? What's the matter with you?"

"He showed two pairs. How could I know he wasn't full?" Mouse argues.

"He certainly didn't bet it like a full house."

"Maybe he was trying to trap me. I'm satisfied with the size of the pot. I'm not trying to get rich quick."

Nor will Mouse get rich slowly.



His fear manifests itself in still another way: the eagerness with which he bets when he cannot possibly be beaten. It never occurs to him to check and invite a bet which he can raise.

Like everybody else, he has his big card nights, but never a big money night. He manages to avoid big losing nights, and claims he is about even over the year. He deceives nobody.

continued

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SIX POKER PLAYERS continued

PRO



ALTHOUGH he maintains an office from which he does some kind of trading, his real business is poker. Separated from his wife, he is free to play every night. He does—at the lodge, country club or somebody's home. He plays with one purpose: to win money.

Pro reads no books, sees no plays, chases no women. One of the men tried him out with the suggestion that they skip a session and go out with a pair of blondes. Pro answered, "No, thanks. I'd rather play poker. It's less expensive and more fun."

His game is silent and tight, with just enough variety to keep the opposition guessing a little. It is, percentage-wise, reasonable to assume he holds what his bets say he holds.

He expresses contempt for poker literature. "I've never read nothin' about poker. Oh, maybe a magazine article or two, if you want to count those. If you ask me, most of the guys who write about the game don't know much about it. Every writer I've ever played with turned out to be a cluck."

Mystery: How did Pro learn the exact odds in every standard situation?

Solution: He sneaked over to the library, where he copied them out of a book. In addition, and in secret, he has dealt out thousands of practice hands and kept a set of statistics.

Pro takes advantage of everything which offers an advantage. If you are careless enough to expose the tip of your hole card, he will look at it. Of course, you never get to see his.

In all-night sessions, where stamina is paramount, he is devastating.

During a game, he prefers not to

discuss hands. Away from it, he discusses nothing else. He is a bore.

If you need another player tonight and call Pro before somebody else invites him, he will accept. But do not expect to get any of his money.

HAM

PATIENTS are put at ease by his attitude of friendly concern; other doctors say his bedside manner is better acting than any you ever see on Broadway. Restricted to one role in his medical practice, he shows his versatility at the poker table, where his histrionics run the gamut from pathos to farce in his efforts at deception.

Drawing a card which gives him a full house, Ham frowns, mutters and clenches a fist in simulated despair. He may vary this posture, snapping his fingers or waving his hand in a deprecatory manner.

Getting a lock, he registers disgust as he asks, "Do I have to stack them to catch a good card?"

Drawing a worthless card, he smirks and gives out with a "Zowie!"

Sometimes he varies the script by contriving an expression of joy over a truly fine hand, or an expression of



sorrow over a hopeless one with which he intends to bluff.

The others in the group have learned to disregard what Ham does and concentrate on the arithmetic—all except the strongest ones who read him easily.

Like most tricky players, he thinks he can get away with murder often—he stays in too many pots and tries too many bluffs. He cannot accept the fact that others can also be tricky—he falls for some of the atlatst ruses.

Ham says he is a little ahead at the end of the year. The others are of the opinion that he is substantially behind. He considers himself an expert.

END



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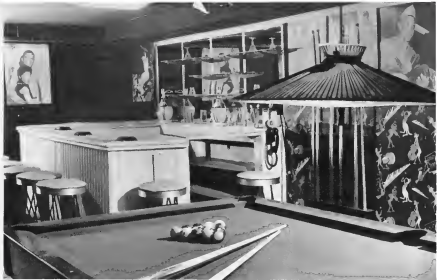


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WILLIE MAYS 1959

Far from his native Alabama, the Giants' carefree sparkplug has grown into a new way of life: that of the established star. Here another Birmingham boy, Novelist Joe David Brown, presents an intimate reappraisal of the matured Say, Hey Kid





THE JOY OF LIVING it up has always meant home to Willie. Here he lunches (left) with his wife Margherita in the dining alcove of their New York residence, which also boasts an elaborate game room, picture gallery and bar (above) and opulent mirrored bedroom.

Turn page for Joe David Brown's story



'The Onliest Way I Know'

by JOE DAVID BROWN

IT MAY SEEM incredible to those of us who cherish the sweet bloom of youth—and we are many—but the time has come to face the fact that Willie Mays is a grown-up man. The years have flowed along, the hits and runs and putouts have inscribed themselves into the record books, and in a month the Say, Hey Kid will be 28 years old. Not counting the time he did a bit of soldiering for Uncle Sam, Willie has now been doing his stuff for the Giants for about six seasons. He has been playing pro ball for 12 years; he has married and has a family and, as the pictures on the preceding pages show, he has established a way of life for himself far removed from his native Birmingham and the Harlem flat where he started his big league career. In brief, it's time to take another look at Willie Mays, hub and mainstay of the Giants' baseball team.

For some reason probably connected with man's reluctance to let go of his ebullient years, few have paused to do this. Nearly everybody persists in regarding Willie as the same chortling, happy-go-lucky, amusingly naive youngster who brought a new light to the Polo Grounds back in 1951. Actually, the mature Willie doesn't believe he was ever quite that damp behind the ears. He feels that a lot of the stories about him were moonshine. In the main they were amusing, colorful and highly flattering moonshine, and Willie is now wise enough and modest enough to realize they helped make him rich and famous, so he isn't resentful. "It does seem, though," he said recently, "that nobody ever got me quite straight."

Getting Willie straight is not a particularly easy chore. On the field and to his public, he is as much as ever the Say, Hey Kid—a rollicking chatterbox—but the undertones are different. Off the field, when he is unarmed with either a bat or glove, he is solemn and somewhat shy. He is attentive and polite, and when a question is put to him he usually gives a

straightforward and guileless answer. But Willie volunteers about as much information as a brass Buddha.

His fellow Giants certainly have no delusions about Willie. Nowadays he seldom indulges in the frisky antics which caused some impressionable scribes to imagine that he was one of the greatest natural zanies to prance on the scene since Uncle Wilbert Robinson ran a nuthouse in Brooklyn. Willie rarely clowns in a pepper game. He loftily eschews gleeful locker-room pranks. It's unusual for him to provoke a spirited and jeering exchange with one of his benchmates. Nor, except for a few oldtimers, notably big Hank Sauer, does anybody rag Willie. But there is no question about Willie's still being the sparkplug of the Giants. He hustles as energetically as any of his teammates and hustles

more thrillingly than most of them put together. The big difference is that Willie is now the star instead of a fondly regarded mascot. The Giants know it and Willie knows it.

Willie may be short on words but he is a genius at another form of communication. When he scampers onto a ball field and begins using the heroic muscles that make him look as if he were designed by Michelangelo or Al Capp, everybody gets the message. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, for example, can hardly be called an excitable type. Yet as he sat in the hot Arizona sun not so long ago, watching an exhibition game between the Indians and the Giants, the Duke, a man who even held onto his royal aplomb throughout the historic rhubarb over his marriage, suddenly swallowed hard, sat bolt upright, chewed fiercely

IN SAN FRANCISCO HOME Willie poses proudly with some of the many trophies and awards he has won, and some of the magazine covers that have pictured him.



on his pipestem and in general showed the agitation peculiar to an oldtime Coogan's Bluff slob. What cracked the royal demeanor was, of course, the familiar spectacle of Willie poling a ball out of the park and apparently into orbit.

Jolting a royal duke with the special brand of baseball excitement he generates pleases Willie, but not excessively. He is a democratic fellow, and, barring catastrophe, probably will tamper with the blood pressure of thousands of ordinary men and women and even innocent children at least once in each of the games he plays this year. He will do it, as everybody knows, by pulling off what can loosely be described as *The Play*—that one magical performance which lingers in the memory and demands to be recalled at length and with gestures long after more mundane details of the game have been forgotten. But Willie will do it, as always, with a difference.

For one thing, when Willie is on the field nobody can be quite sure when *The Play* will come. Unlike most diamond heroes, past or present, Willie is not confined to one predictable and carefully nurtured talent. *The Play* might come when he transforms his 185 pounds and 5 feet 11 inches into a spiko-tipped projectile and steals second. He might pull it off by swinging his 34-ounce, 35-inch bat like a buggy whip and driving a ball past the point of no return. Chances are always excellent that he will do it by preposterously fielding a ball which by rights shouldn't have been caught. Again he might do it by skidding to an off-balance halt deep in center field and firing a ball unerringly to home plate. Willie has done all of these things spectacularly. He has done them too often to recount.

"I always try to do something new," is the way Willie, somewhat gropingly, tries to explain it. "I don't try to do what the other fellow does. People come to ball games to see fellows do something different."

Now and then attempts have been made to leave the impression that the mature Willie's teammates consider him a showboat. To a man they deny it. The truth is, just as they know he is not a comedian, they know that nobody plays ball as well as Willie does just on instinct alone. They are aware how hard Willie works, not merely to improve his ballplaying, but to add an extra dash of showmanship

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to all his actions. One of the things Willie thinks nobody has ever got quite straight is that he is not simply a natural-born ballplayer. "I pick up something that looks different and I practice up on it," Willie explains. "Like the basket catch I use. It took me about a year, while I was in the Army, to learn to do it well."

Willie broods when he makes an error. "It makes me feel bad if I don't hit or if I let the pitcher down by making a bad play. It worries me real bad. I don't cry or nothing like that, but I feel like it sometimes because I feel like I let the other fellows down."

Most of the Giants do sometimes show a cynical, if appreciative, attitude toward Willie's flair for dramatics. For instance, when a fast pitch hit the handle of Willie's bat in an exhibition game with the Red Sox this spring, there were snorts and guffaws in the dugout when he threw himself to the ground and writhed convulsively. Somebody made the standard comment: "He oughta get an Oscar for that." A few days later, when Willie shuffled into the dugout after going to the hospital to be treated for a gash in the right leg received in a sliding accident, everybody grinned and Coach Salty Parker cracked, "What are you trying to pull now, Willie?" The grins faded when Willie said cheerfully, "Man, I got 35 stitches in this leg." Fortunately, the wound was not serious despite all the sewing.

As the biggest Giant of them all,

drawing the biggest salary ever paid in Giant history, probably \$75,000 a year, Willie naturally awes some of the newcomers. He pays them the compliment of treating them like everybody else, and also of overlooking their gaucheries. This was illustrated recently when a young and nameless pitcher, up for a tryout, sauntered out to face Willie in batting practice. He was overly nonchalant, so poker-faced that it was screamingly apparent that he was scared to death to find himself facing the great Mays. "You got a curve?" Willie called.

"Yeah," the youngster said. He heaved the ball. Willie smacked it over the fence. The pitcher didn't look up.

"You got something else?" Willie called.

"Yeah," the youngster granted. He heaved another ball. Willie smashed it solidly and it sizzled three feet off the ground, straight as a bullet, and smacked the pitcher in the right leg a little above the knee. It happened so incredibly quickly that he didn't have time to lower his glove. The crack of the bat and the solid sound of ball meeting flesh in a paralyzing blow almost blended together. A sudden silence fell over the players clustered behind the batting cage. Willie lowered his bat and looked solicitous. But the young pitcher did not wince, grimace or even look down at his leg. Apparently he was manfully determined to show that getting his leg almost knocked off with a ball didn't faze him in the slightest.

After a moment, Hank Sauer, who had been watching, laughed, "You'll have to hit harder than that, Willie. That boy won't even have a bruise next week this time."

Willie looked with seeming bewilderment at the young pitcher, nonchalantly tooting up for another pitch. A grin began to tug at the corners of Willie's mouth, but, diplomatically, he kept it from spreading.

Being the star of any team carries with it some special privileges. They are not defined because they depend on the individual star and what the traffic will bear. So far the only privilege Willie has claimed is a room to himself when the Giants are on the road. He invariably is among the first to arrive at the ball park and among the last to leave. Sportswriters who follow the Giants around are agreed that Willie is one of the hardest-working players they have ever seen. There was considerable indignation in their ranks when word got around toward the end of the 1956 season that Willie had been fined \$25 for not hustling on a play in a game in St. Louis. In the play in question Willie had popped up but didn't run because he thought the ball was going foul. It was caught in front of the plate. All set to whip up a *cause célèbre* because a hard-working player had been fined for not hustling when all he was guilty of, if anything, was an error of judgment, the scribes bearded Manager Bill Rigney. Yes, said Rigney, the report was true. Willie had returned to the dugout and



THE FIRST MAYS in baseball was Willie's father, Willie Sr. (front row, left), now 46, who played center field for a United Steel-

workers of America (CIO) team in Alabama in 1948. The building at right is one of the two high schools young Willie attended.

said, "I should be fined for that." Whereupon Rigney had said, "That's right. You are fined. Twenty-five bucks." Then Rigney put the matter to rest. "I have," he announced, "withdrawn the fine, because Mays is the hustlingest guy in the world."

Willie had no comments on the fine at all. He has clear-cut opinions on a player-manager relationship. "A manager should tell a player what he wants him to do. If the player don't do it, then the manager should take some of his money away from him. I think that's the quickest way to get a player to do what he should." Willie looks blank when someone comments on how hard he hustles. "I never can understand how some players are always talking about baseball being hard work. To me, it's always been a pleasure, even when I feel sort of draggy after a double-header."

In Willie's life there isn't a time he can remember that wasn't dominated by baseball. He was born on May 5, 1931, in Westfield, Alabama, a grimy little steel-mill town near the outskirts of Birmingham. Willie's father, Willie Sr., worked in the tool room of the mill and played in the outfield on the mill's baseball team. Nicknamed "Kitty Cat" because of his fast hands, the elder Mays was also a former outfielder and lead-off hitter for the Birmingham Black Barons of the Negro National League. "Willie," his father has related, "was almost born on a ball diamond. There was a ball field right across the street from where we lived. When Willie was 14 months old I gave him a rubber ball. I used to come home from the steel mill, and every afternoon I'd roll that rubber ball across the floor to Willie—oh, 30 or 40 times—until I'd get tired. Willie never got tired. As soon as I stopped rolling the ball, he'd cry."

WHEN Willie was 3, he and his father would go over to the ball diamond and play catch in the afternoons. "But by the time Willie was 6," his father said, "I'd come home from work and catch him across the street on the diamond all alone, playing by himself. He'd throw the ball up and hit it with the bat and then run and tag all the bases—first, second and third—and then when he got home, he'd slide. He learned that from watching me. I showed him how to slide."

Before Willie reached school age, his mother and father separated, and

continued



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Willie went to live with an aunt, Mrs. Sarah Mays. Willie still thinks of Sarah Mays as his mother, and her death in 1954 dealt him a crushing blow. His real mother died in 1933 while giving birth to her 10th child by her second marriage.

Some of the nonsense written about Willie concerns his childhood. "It makes me laugh to read some stories about how I picked cotton as a boy or worked in one of the mills around home," he says. "All I ever did since I was 6 was play ball, except for when I was in the Army and one other time. That was when I was 15, and got a job in a café in Birmingham washing dishes. Folks there treated me grade-A, but I quit after one week."

Stories which tell of Willie's poverty as a child are also misleading. Sarah Mays's home, the only home Willie remembers, is in Fairfield, another small industrial town adjacent to Birmingham, on a height overlooking the steel mills. It is neat and substantial and considerably better than the homes of some steelworkers in the community, white and Negro. Willie's father, who never remarried, lived a few blocks away. He and most of the other menfolks in Willie's family worked in the mills and drew the prevailing union wage. Willie's childhood may not have been bountiful but he never missed a meal and was adequately clothed and attended school regularly.

Willie, admittedly, did not have scholarly leanings. "All the time my algebra teacher was saying, 'X equals how much?' I was thinking about the next ball game," he has confessed. To which his father says: "I never saw a boy who loved baseball the way Willie always did." The youngster was always on hand when his father played in the outfield in the local Industrial League games. Whenever possible he even accompanied the team on its short trips to play in other communities. It was some time before Willie realized his father was paid money for playing ball. "I remember the biggest surprise of my life was the day I found out folks paid him money for it," he says. "That seemed to me just about the nicest idea that anyone ever thought up."

By the time Willie was 10 he was playing ball with 15-year-olds. "Even then he never did throw the way other boys did," his father recalls. "He

threw that kind of underhanded throw. He got that throw from rolling that ball when he was real young." At 14, Willie was excelling as a pitcher and earning a few dollars with a semipro steel-mill team. He was also attending Fairfield Industrial High School and taking a trade course in pressing and cleaning. One advantage of the course was that Willie had access to the school's equipment and could do his own clothes free of charge. To this day he seems to feel a real pain when he sees wrinkled clothing. The slacks and sports jackets in his bulging wardrobe are impeccably pressed, and he even wears creases in his uniform pants.

Willie's high school did not have a baseball team, so Willie—who for some reason nobody can remember had acquired the nickname of "Buck-duck"—took a fling at football and basketball. He made such a reputation as a fullback that for a brief spell he considered concentrating on football and trying to win a college scholarship. But baseball kept beckoning and, besides, college wasn't much of an attraction to Willie, free or otherwise. When he was 16 his father settled the matter by taking him around to meet an old friend, Lorenzo (Piper) Davis, manager of the Black Barons in Birmingham. Davis gave Willie a tryout and promptly signed

him as an outfielder. Part of the agreement was that Willie would continue attending high school. It wasn't difficult for the Barons' management and Willie's principal to work out a program which permitted him to be excused from school when he was needed to play ball.

Willie's single flaw at the time was hitting. Davis promised him an extra \$5 a month if he would hit more than .300, but Willie never collected. "He stood a little too close to the plate," Davis said. "He kept thinking that all the pitchers were trying to hit him, but he was just crowding."

If reports can be believed, most big league scouts got wind of Willie almost from the time he first put on a Barons' uniform. Harry Jenkins, once a director of farm personnel for the Boston Braves, has revealed that he first started keeping an eye on Willie when he was only 13. It is a fact that the Braves made an offer for Willie shortly after the Barons signed him. They offered \$7,500 for Willie's contract and \$7,500 more if he made good. They could not, of course, sign Willie until he graduated. The Chicago White Sox were also waiting for Willie to finish school. But while they were waiting, a couple of Giant scouts, Ed Montague and Bill Harris, arrived in Birmingham to look over Baron First Baseman Alonzo Perry. They



PROPRIETOR AND POODLE on driveway and wife Marghurite on balcony supervise delivery of family possessions to new home in San Francisco.

decided that Perry wouldn't do, but after the game Montague went directly to a telephone and called New York. "I saw a young kid of an outfielder I can't believe," he said. "He can run, hit to either field and has a real good arm. Don't ask any questions. You've got to get this boy."

Montague's enthusiasm was infectious. He was told not to leave Birmingham until he had signed Willie. Montague offered the Barons a flat \$10,000 for Willie's contract, which took care of the Braves' proposition. The day after Willie graduated in June 1950, Montague showed up at his home and offered him \$2,000 to sign with the Giants. Willie and his father said that wasn't enough; they wanted \$6,000. Without dickering, Montague immediately telephoned Horace Stoneham and explained the situation. Stoneham said to give Willie what he wanted.

THIS story indicates that Willie has never underestimated his value. Now that he is pushing 28, one of the things he would like to set straight is the persistent old tale that he loves to play baseball so much that he really doesn't care what he is paid. "Maybe that makes a good story," Willie said, "but I never said anything like that to Mr. Stoneham. If a fellow hits .340 or something like that year after year and plays good ball, he sure can say he's worth whatever he can get."

Willie was 19 when he reported to the Giants' farm club in Trenton, N.J. By midseason it was apparent he was already too good for Class B ball. He was allowed to season until the next year, however, and then brought up to Minneapolis and Triple-A ball. That year Willie couldn't do anything poorly. He hit a fancy .477 and still worked overtime trying to improve his hitting. A devoted admirer of Joe DiMaggio, he spent hours practicing DiMag's stance, copying his swing. As for his fielding, then, as now, he didn't have to worry about it. If it was humanly possible to catch a ball, Willie would catch it. Frequently, as Minneapolis soon discovered, he did it when it wasn't humanly possible. Minneapolis had never seen a ballplayer like Willie. On the probably valid assumption that it never would again, fans made the most of the opportunity. To this day some Minneapolis fans remove their hats and grow misty-eyed when

continued



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WILLIE MAYS continued

the name of Willie Mays is mentioned.

Naturally, news of this brilliant young busher reached the ears of Leo Durocher, who was wallowing noisily in a slough of despair and managing a team laughingly called the Giants. Durocher asked for Mays to be brought to New York. Horace Stoneham refused. "He's not ready for the majors," he said. "Anyway, he's due to go into the Army at any minute."

The Giants lost 11 games in a row. Durocher screamed incessantly for Mays. Finally, Stoneham capitulated. But to prevent a mass demonstration in Minneapolis, he took the unprecedented step of inserting ads in the local papers which began by apologizing for taking Mays away and concluded with this ringing plea for fair play: "Mays is entitled to his promotion, and the chance to prove that he can play major league baseball. It would be most unfair to deprive him of the opportunity he earned with his play."

THERE still is no logical and completely satisfactory explanation of how 20-year-old Willie Mays wrought such magic with the Giants back in 1951. But it is a fact that with his arrival a bunch of unhappy and disgruntled players, united only in that they wore similar uniforms, suddenly became a team, one of the sweetest ball teams in modern history. Probably Durocher deserves more credit than he is given. From the day he first clapped eyes on Willie he was electrified by his potentialities. To anyone who would listen he predicted that Willie would go down in baseball history as one of the greatest players of all time. Durocher loved to hear Willie talk. Willie was his lucky talisman, his mascot, his jester and his ward. Willie relaxed him. Before a game, when he was normally tense and worried, he would start a pepper game with Willie and in a few minutes be gambling like a rookie. Durocher's enthusiasm was contagious. The team liked Willie and he became their mascot also.

Willie still adores Durocher. "Leo never astored me wrong—ever," he says. "He was good to me and I liked him the same way I do my father. I miss him all right, but a man has got to learn to look after himself in baseball."

But if Willie was good for Duro-

cher, it also is true that Durocher was good for Willie. In his first few games with the Giants, the new hope was a dismal flop. In 26 times at bat he came up with just one hit, a lone home run.

One night after a game, Durocher came into the clubhouse and found Willie sitting in front of his locker crying. Leo put his arm around him and asked, "What's the matter, son?"

"Oh, Mister Leo," Willie said. "I can't do you any good. I can't get a hit. I can't win you any ball games. And I know you're gonna send me back to Minneapolis."

"Look, Willie," Leo said, "this ball game's over. Tomorrow's another day. And don't you worry about me sending you back to Minneapolis. You're the best center fielder—you're the best ballplayer—I've ever seen. Now you go home and get a good night's sleep."

That was the turning point for Willie. The next day, against the Pirates, he lined a single to center his first time up and followed that later with a triple that brought in two runs. The Giants beat the Pirates 14-3, and Willie went on to finish the season with 20 home runs, a batting average of .274 and the title of Rookie of the Year. Furthermore, he sparked the rejuvenated Giants to their first pennant since 1937.

When Willie's draft call came in May 1952 he applied for deferment on grounds that he was the principal support of his mother and nine half-brothers and sisters. It was refused. The Army also ignored the fact that he flunked his pre-induction aptitude test. He spent most of his 21 months in the Army at Fort Eustis, Virginia, attached to the transportation branch. But Willie admits, not unhappily, that his chief contribution to the military was made by playing in 180 or so ball games.

The Giants had made all sorts of joyous preparations for Willie's return when he emerged from the Army in 1954. They even assigned Scout Frank Forbes to protect him from the perils of the big city. Forbes found Willie a room in a quiet home in Harlem. Once, when a damsel of doubtful reputation sidled up to Willie in a Harlem soda fountain, Forbes knocked a double chocolate ice cream soda into her lap to get rid of her. But such tactics, as it turned out, were unnecessary. Although Willie has since developed a taste for luxury, he was never one for living it up in the less

respectable ways that attract some ballplayers. His idea of a jag was to go to two movies, one right after the other, and most of the time he was content to stay at home and curl up with a half dozen comic books. He still doesn't smoke, and the only occasion, on record, when he took a drink was in 1951 after the Giants won the pennant. He drank a glass of champagne and was violently sick.

In 1956 Willie married Marguerite Wendelle Kenny Chapman, a strikingly handsome and chic woman two years his senior. Mrs. Mays has an 11-year-old daughter by one of her two previous marriages. When Willie went into a short-lived batting slump last year and entered a New York hospital for a rest and checkup, there were persistent reports that domestic difficulties were to blame for his trouble. Both Willie and his wife have denied these reports emphatically. Recently they adopted a baby boy, who has been named Michael. The Mayses seldom entertain and rarely go out in the evenings. "Willie and I are not talkative people," Mrs. Mays once explained. "We like to be by ourselves and mostly we stay at home. We like a good dinner, television or playing cards. Occasionally we go to a movie."

Willie and his wife rent a furnished house in Phoenix during spring training. There was a brief flurry of headlines in the fall of 1957 when they bought a \$37,500 home in a fashionable section of San Francisco. A few neighbors tried to stop the sale by raising the color bar, but the sale was completed without a hitch after the mayor of San Francisco, dozens of civic and social organizations and thousands of ordinary citizens sprang to Willie's aid.

Nobody who has seen Willie in action needs to look at his impressive record to know that he is a great ballplayer. The only question before the homeis, just how great is he? Willie's good pal and mentor, Durocher, has never altered his belief that Mays is the greatest player alive. "I have never seen a ballplayer with his all-round ability, his instinctive baseball genius," he claims. "There are only five things you can do to be great in baseball: hit, hit with power, run, field and throw—and the minute I laid eyes on Willie, I knew he could do them all. There is no player living today who can do all the things Willie can."

continued



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Dapper Bill Rigney, who was one of Willie's teammates in 1931, has long since confessed that he didn't realize Willie's full worth until he became his manager. "I thought I knew how good he was," Rigney said, "but I realize now I knew nothing. This is like finding the Koh-i-noor diamond all over again." Not long ago, as he stood behind the batting cage watching Willie joyously murder every ball that came within reach, Rigney blissfully went on record with the statement: "All I can say is that he is the greatest player I have ever seen. Bar none. When he's around it makes me feel good just to walk into the locker room and start suiting up. I know then I have a chance."

Veteran Giant Scout Long Tom Sheehan makes the historical point clear. "I've seen most of the great players, and there was not a one of them that could match Willie for all-round performance. Take them all, I don't care—Speaker, Cobb, Gehrig, Ruth, Traynor, Mousal. Then take DiMaggio, Williams, Musial, Mantle—or whoever else you can name. Sure they are good. Some of them are great. Some of them can hit and field. Some of them can run and throw. But

Willie can do just about what they can in their special department and, what's more, he's the only one of them who can do everything a ball-player has to do."

Recently, a visiting fireman, who knew somebody in the Giant hierarchy but little about baseball, was given a seat in the Giant dugout during the closing innings of an exhibition game. He sat there, smiling slightly and obviously impressed to find himself seated next to the great Willie Mays. "Tell me," he asked, "is it always this quiet on the bench? I thought there was a lot of chatter."

Willie gave him a kind but amused look. "No, this is pretty quiet," he said. "There's a lot more talk going back and forth in a big game."

"Do players work as hard in an exhibition game as they do in a regular game?" the stranger asked.

Willie smiled slightly. "I don't know about the other players. I only know about myself."

"Well, do you?"

Willie nodded slowly. "Yes, I do. Don't make no difference about what kind of game it is, I always work as hard as I can." He sat musingly a moment. "That's the oldest way," he concluded, "I even know how to play ball."

END



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YOUNG MICHAEL MAY'S, adopted by Willie and Marguerite in January, is photographed with his proud parents at Giant training camp in Phoenix.

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by JULES FEIFFER

Every season, Dobie Wallender would start off thinking:

THIS IS GOING TO BE MY YEAR.



He'd tell his wife THIS IS GOING TO BE MY YEAR. I CAN FEEL IT.



He'd tell his team mates: THIS IS GOING TO BE MY YEAR. I KNOW IT.



He'd tell the owners:

THIS IS GOING TO BE MY YEAR. CAN I HAVE A LITTLE MORE?

SIGN



And all of them would think: Dobie was a terrible bore. And each year, just like clock work, Dobie would end up hitting his regular .260.

AWAY. I CAN'T HIT SWEET.



Then, one year - on the first day of the season, Dobie Wallender went four for four.



And on the second day of the season, Dobie Wallender went four for four.



And all that week and the week after that, Dobie Wallender went four for four.



His wife was very happy. His team mates were very happy. And the owners (who gave him a sizeable increase) were very happy.



He got prizes. He got awards. He got a "Dobie Wallender Day" ceremony from the citizens of the community.

SO I SAID TO MY WIFE - "NOW DANC, I CAN NOT BE SURE OF THIS FOR WHICH OF US IN THIS UNCERTAIN WORLD CAN BE SURE OF ANY THING - BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS YEAR -"



continued

Advertisers flocked to him.



He appeared on TV - on discussion shows.

WELL IF YOU ASK ME, I FEEL THAT TODAY'S YOUTH ARE BASICALLY NO DIFFERENT THAN THE YOUTH OF MY DAY.



on interview shows:

PERSONALLY I'D SAY THE WAY I SEE IT IS THAT TODAY'S YOUTH ARE, IN MY OPINION FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, BASICALLY NO DIFFERENT THAN THE YOUTH OF MY DAY.



On dramatic shows

BULLY BOY, I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO RETURN THAT SLOTTED FIRST BASEMAN'S HITT BECAUSE I FEEL THAT TODAY'S YOUTH ARE BASICALLY NO DIFFERENT THAN THE YOUTH OF MY DAY.



But no matter how many ads he posed for or how many TV shows he went on, Dobie still went out to the ball park every afternoon and -



Soon people came to expect it. FOUR FOR FOUR! FOUR FOR FOUR! LET'S GO BOWLING.

Attendance started falling off. TV interviews were cancelled.

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF DOBIE - PERFECTION IS ALLRIGHT, BUT BASEBALL IS A PERSONALITY GAME. WHY DON'T YOU START DRINKING?



Dobie couldn't understand -

I KNOW WHAT IT IS YOU SEE - LIKE I'M NOT GETTING THOSE EXTRA BASES YOU SEE. THEY'RE SURE TO LIKE ME AGAIN ONCE I GO FOR THOSE EXTRA BASE HITS YOU SEE - AND I HAVE A FEELING, HIND YOU, THAT THIS WEEK I'LL HIT MORE EXTRA BASES -



Dobie was becoming a bore.

"THE WAY I SEE IT IS THAT TODAY'S YOUTH ARE BASICALLY NO DIFFERENT -"



Finally the owners came to see him.

DOBIE, IF THERE'S ONE THING WE APPRECIATE IT'S A GREAT COMPETITOR. AND YOU ARE CERTAINLY THAT. A GREAT COMPETITOR BUT DOBIE, NOT EVERYONE APPRECIATES A GREAT COMPETITOR THE WAY WE APPRECIATE A GREAT COMPETITOR. NOBODY IS COMING TO OUR BALL PARK, DOBIE. WE'RE CUTTING YOUR SALARY IN HALF.



Everyone on the team took a pay cut.

WHY DON'T THEY LIKE ME? ABOUT I HITTING 1.000?



IF ONLY I COULD BE ELEGANT -



His business agent grew very unhappy. THE DOBIE WALLENDER RSD AND ERIC COMPANY WENT DOWN SEVERAL FLOORS. THE DOBIE WALLENDER NEWS REAR, COMPANY DROPPED THIRTEEN POINTS. THE DOBIE WALLENDER PIZZA PLACES HAD TO CLOSE IN FIVE STATES.



Sales of products he endorsed went plummeting. Dobie went on tranquilizers and sleeping pills.



Yet each new day he would drag himself off to the ball park and before nearly empty stands, he would go -



Then came the last game of the season - and the ball park was jammed - the biggest crowd of the year!



Not buying hot dogs - not buying soda pop - not saying a word.

Dobie came up and got his first hit. Nobody made a sound.



Dobie came up and got his next two hits. Nobody made a sound.



Dobie came up for his last time at bat.



And slowly the stands began to empty -



continued

One by one the fans left their seats and marched onto the field - toward Dobie.



And the players threw down their gloves and joined them -



And Dobie's own team rose from the dugout and joined them -



And the TV camera men and the reporters - and the owners -



all moving slowly toward him

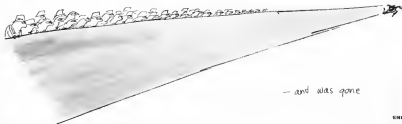
Dobie Wallender began to run -



He sprinted across the field -



skirted the left field fence -



- and was gone

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

AH, WILDERNESS: OPPOSING VIEWS
Seri

Your article *Urbanity and the Wilderness* (SL, March 16) was widely read throughout our industry. The comments we have received indicate that many readers view your entry into discussions of controversial conservation measures with a feeling somewhat akin to that experienced by the gentleman who watched his mother-in-law drive his new Cadillac over a cliff.

Your Nature Editor, John O'Reilly, has done an excellent piece of reporting as regards the recent North American Wildlife Conference held in New York City. However, the emotional pleading on behalf of increased wilderness areas within the United States contained within the article does not appear to be based on a thorough study of the problem.

A nationwide controversy exists over the provisions of Senate Bill 1129, recently introduced by Senator Humphrey of Minnesota and others. In effect this bill would initially "lock up" as wilderness 55 million acres of the public domain. Ninety percent of this land is in the western states. Wilderness proponents will have us believe that there is very little wilderness left in the U.S. and, further, that we are in extreme danger of losing what we presently have. This is a gross misrepresentation advanced by those who

would like to see more of the country's public domain placed in a "bureaucratic icebox" for use at some unspecified future time. . . .

Federal wilderness lands in California are used by fewer than 200,000 people annually, whereas the insignificant—by comparison—amount of land held by the state is utilized by more than 15 million people annually.

Lands to be beneficial must be put to multiple uses. Granted we need wilderness areas, but caution should be expressed to see that areas preserved—in violation—are truly outstanding examples of wilderness. The western economy, faced with supporting a soaring population, cannot continue to grow in the face of indiscriminate and greedy withdrawals of public lands to serve a single purpose—wilderness.

Mr. David Brewer, the peripatetic head of California's Sierra Club, complains bitterly about rising population figures in the West and California in particular. Perhaps this is why 55 major western chambers of commerce, farm bureaus, irrigation districts, women's clubs, boards of supervisors, state legislatures, and the Forest Service oppose his views, as well as the provisions of S. 1129. If Mr. Brewer has developed a sure-fire method of controlling population growth, he may find

continued

TO PHIL AND OLIVIER FROM AMOCO
Seri

THE PICTURE OF THE WINNING DRIVERS OF THE SEBRING 12-HOUR GRAND PRIX OF ENDURANCE (SL, March 30) WAS INCORRECTLY CAPTIONED. THE AMOCO TROPHY, TOP PRIZE FOR THIS EVENT, WAS NOT PRESENTED BY ALEC ULMANN, AS YOU HAD IT, BUT

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himself a wealthy man, as well as engaged in an additional and even more lurid controversy. . . .

If the "Park Avenue conservationists" persist in their attempts to "lock up" the lands of the West (through the enactment of S. 1128) they will have to answer to the nation's motoring public, whose enjoyment of wilderness areas will be limited by the restrictions against roads, and to the senior citizens, who possess a mature appreciation of beauty but who nevertheless lack the stamina to hike or pack into these roadless wilderness areas.

HENRY W. WRIGHT

Western Oil and Gas Association
Los Angeles


Sirs:

I hate to see the Golden Gates being shoved closed by cities that are getting too big for their breeches, highways that invite speeders through with no appreciation of what they are passing, ramshackle tourist traps and railroad subdivisions that unfold in the passing of a night.

About 35-odd years ago a friend of mine, Vernon D. Wood, and I became the nucleus of a group which we called The Go Places and See Things Club. It had a rather transient membership consisting of several famed movie stars between pictures, a Kansas City millionaire, a couple of reckless and visiting firemen. All of them had one notion in mind: to get away from the hassle of business and enjoy for a weekend, a week or a month the favors the Creator had bestowed upon this portion of the country. We hunted out lost cabins, remote villages, roads that threatened to scrape the bottom out of the ancient Franklin we used as our medium of transportation. We carried with us bed sacks, a grill, an emergency water and gas supply, and shopped for chow at the farms and ranches we ran across. We met all sorts of weather conditions head on, and survived laughing. We met interesting people, far removed from those we ran across in the daily rat race—people who enjoyed meeting us and welcomed us in, and who enjoyed sitting under a tree or alongside a river and gabbing.

We have wandered the mountains, the desert, and have spent some time out among the Indian folk, who are a most remarkable segment of humanity. We have seen sights which, if an artist painted them, would result in his being called a liar.

And little by little we have watched it vanish. Years ago we found a spot down Kern Canyon, a little ways east of Bakersfield. We traveled to it down a country road, bordered on each side with meadows that rose into hills, covered with a splash of color from the palette of the Almighty. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but one grand sweep of wildflowers, through which an occasional herd of sheep was guided by a tall man with wide shoulders, who, incidentally, always shouted "Hello" and waved his cap as we passed. Now that same road is completely covered with supermarkets, cut-rate retail shops, shopping centers and clusters of sad little homes trying their best to look happy.



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The finger is even on Monument Valley, that vast stretch of sand and sage and hogans that fills the whole northeast part of Arizona. This is one of the most spectacular and inspiring gifts of God that was ever bestowed upon a country—majestic rock formations that the sun plays games with, making them change their vivid colors at each tick of the clock. But uranium has been discovered, and two—or perhaps three—of the saddest and most incongruous looking settlements have grown up out there to process the valuable stuff. It assures us we may one day get to the moon, when we haven't thoroughly covered Monument Valley yet—and it's only one of a hundred out-of-the-way places where all a man has to do is get out of his car or off his horse, stand and look around a spell, and realize what an infinitesimally insignificant critter he really is.

A fondness for simple, natural things, and a wish that they could be let alone labels a guy as a square these days. So be it: I'm a square—but at least I'm a square that's been around, and I'd love my kids and grandkids to see what I've seen.

PAUL SMITH

Hollywood

BOXING: WHOLESOME SPORT

Sirs:

Martin Kane's article on intercollegiate boxing (SI, March 30) is excellent. It was needed 10 years ago; too bad *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was not in existence at that time.

The editorial board of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is to be highly complimented for printing an article on this controversial subject and for bringing the unfounded criticism of college boxing to light.

If the critics of boxing in education were to make a study of how the sport was conducted in colleges and not go to the professional enterprise to get their information, they would find intercollegiate boxing to be a wholesome activity much needed by our youth today.

RAY CHISHOLM

Secretary, National Intercollegiate Boxing Coaches Association
Minneapolis

BASEBALL: OPTIMISTIC WAR WHOP

Sirs:

I am hopeful that you are both right and wrong in your open letter. Right in your most flattering though obviously undeservedly nice analysis of the Indians' general manager and wrong in your somewhat critical resumé of the sundry players comprising this year's, or should I say this week's, edition of the Indians. When you saw our club it certainly did not look good, but in two weeks of training since, some of the players have assumed at least something approximating our hopes for them, though it won't change their last season's batting average. Wait and see. If—there's that damned if again—If Score can pitch, and Lane believes he can, you still may come to us for World Series tickets. At least we can tell you where to get them.

FRANK LANE

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BILL KIMBERLY

'A car is a living thing'

One of the features at the Fiesta of Five Flags in Pensacola, Fla. the other day was a national Sports Car Club of America race meeting. It was the first time motor sports had been included in Pensacola's pageant, and one of the people who helped it happen was 26-year-old William Essex Kimberly. Regional Executive of the Gulf Coast region of the SCCA, Kimberly also served as race steward.

An interest in racing and organizing race meetings is something which comes easily to Bill Kimberly. The son of John R. Kimberly, president and chairman of Kimberly-Clark Corp., he is also the nephew of James (Gen-

tleman Jim) Kimberly, racing enthusiast and former national president of the SCCA. With the encouragement of his uncle Jim, he developed an interest in sports cars and this year was a relief driver for a Ferrari team at the Sebring 12-hour endurance race. (Unhappily for Bill, his teammates, Lance Reventlow and E. D. Martin, endured to the end without relief.)

An amateur poet, Kimberly sees racing as something more than just a hobby. "To me a car is a living thing," he says. "I feel a responsibility to the designer and manufacturer to learn enough about driving so that the car can realize its full potential."

Ask Him Anything about Baseball

The new historian at Cooperstown, Lee Allen, talks long and learnedly about the game and has a positive passion for debunking phony stories



HISTORIAN ALLEN AT WORK IN HIS BOOK-LINED LIBRARY

LEE ALLEN, a bald, roly-poly Cincinnati, is, by his own admission, completely nuts about baseball. A loquacious raconteur endowed with total recall, he is able to talk for what seems almost ever about such long-forgotten players as Moses Solomon, "The Rabbi of Swat," a slugger the Giants brought up in the '20s to lure Jewish fans into the Polo Grounds, and one-armed Dally, a Cleveland pitcher back in the '80s who used to get into fights on the field and chop away at his adversaries with the stump of his left arm. Last month the officials of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, N.Y. took note of Allen's mania and appointed him historian as of this April 15.

Now 44, Allen has been following baseball closely since he was 9. He is able to pinpoint the start of his obsession because, for some odd reason, a picture in the 1924 Spalding's *Base Ball Guide*, which shows Herb Pennock being struck in the small of the back during a run-down play, throbs hauntingly in his mind. By the time Allen was in high school, he had become so smitten with the game that his principal had no alternative but to grant him permission to play hooky on the days that the Reds were at home. "I just told him I couldn't go to class, and that we'd have to work something out," Allen recalls. "So we made a deal that I was to read Mark Sullivan's history, *Our Times*, and write a paper on it."

After graduating from Kenyon College, Allen enrolled at the Columbia School of Journalism only to leave

suddenly in the middle of the spring term when Gabe Paul, then the publicity man and road secretary for the Reds, offered him a job as his assistant. Allen stayed with the Reds for two years, then embarked on a varied career as a newspaperman and sports announcer. All the while, however, he was accumulating books, manuscripts and marginalia on baseball, and from time to time he would hurry into the growing pile and emerge with a book of his own. So far he has written three, *100 Years of Baseball*, *The Cincinnati Reds* and *The Hot Stove League*, all of which have met with impressive critical success.

As Allen sees it, his main duty at Cooperstown will be to answer questions from fans and writers, and to meet that end he already has several projects under way. For one, he is breaking down the number of games National League outfielders played in left, center and right fields respectively, an intellectual chore that is roughly as difficult as translating the collected works of Jack Woodford into Greek. "No one has ever separated outfielders before," Allen said recently, popping up from behind the huge ledger in which he is entering his findings. "When Zack Wheat [the onetime Brooklyn outfielder] is inducted into the Hall of Fame this summer, I'll be able to tell him how many games he played in each field. Actually, he was pretty much of a left fielder all the time, but I'll be able to give the exact figure."

Another massive project of Allen's involves finding out where and when National Leaguers of the last century

died. "My No. 1 quarry is Charles Wesley Jones of the Reds," he says. "In 1876 he led the team in home runs with four. He hit the first home run for Cincinnati in the National League, and he hit the first home run with the bases loaded for Cincinnati." Jones is something of a mystery, Allen explains, because "his name wasn't Jones but Rippay. Raised by an aunt in Princeton, Indiana, he adopted the name of Jones so she wouldn't know he was playing ball. His wife threw red pepper in his eyes, and that ended his career. So he became an umpire. Later he became a ward healer for Tammany Hall, and he was known to be living on Staten Island in 1912. That's where the trail ends."

Generally, Allen finds his man. "There was a shortstop named Lewis Say with the Reds in 1880," he says, recalling a successful case with almost Holmesian satisfaction. "I happened to read a note in an old issue of the *Sporting Life* [a paper like *The Sporting News* that was published at the turn of the century] reporting that Say was living in Baltimore. So I wrote to H. L. Mencken, who was a Baltimore authority, and he said that the name rang a bell, but he didn't remember. He suggested that I write to the widow of an old Baltimore catcher who might know. I did. She wrote me a 16-page letter that was an attack on Franklin D. Roosevelt and didn't answer the question at all. So then I began all over. I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, and I got a letter from a reader of *The Sun* in Fallston, Maryland, informing me

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ARMER DOUGLEDAY FIELD, named after the man who did not father baseball, lies

ASK HIM ANYTHING continued

that Mr. Say had died there in 1930 at the age of 76. I got his death certificate, and we were in business."

The curse of Allen's calling is the phony story accepted as true. One such story, given rather wide circulation by a sportscaster and printed in at least two books, had it that years ago a young Chicagoan who later became an official of the Missouri Pacific Railroad so idolized the White Stockings that he named nine Kansas way stations after his heroes when he grew up. The names of the players were Admire, Delavan, Helmick, Wilsey, Rapp, Miller, Allen, Bushong and Comiskey. Allen knew immediately that the story was false. In 1896, the Missouri Pacific first laid track in the part of Kansas in question, and at the time Comiskey was with the St. Louis Browns, not the Chicago White Stockings.

Another phony story, put out by the same sportscaster, had it that when William Howard Taft was a stripling the Red Stockings offered him a contract, and he would have signed it had not his father objected. "But, Dad," the sportscaster quoted Taft as saying, "this is major league baseball!" Instantly Allen demolished the story. First of all, the Red Stockings never signed players to contracts. Secondly, the team had disbanded by the time Taft was only 13. Lastly, the term major league had not been coined when the incident supposedly took place.

Allen also does what he can to



close to center of Cooperstown on Lake Otsego, is site of annual big league game.

knock down several harmless, but nonetheless false, stories that have sprung up over the years. One has it that Babe Ruth was an orphan. "His father lived to see him pitch for Boston," Allen says. Another has it that baseball expunged the names of the Black Sox from the records. "No such thing was ever done," he says. But the story that really irks Allen has to do with the assertion that the poem *Casey at the Bat* had a basis in fact. He points out that the author, the late Ernest L. Thayer, insisted that the poem was not inspired by any actual player, but to Allen's indignation that has not prevented several frauds from claiming to be Casey. One went so far as to make an appearance on the old radio show, *We, the People*, and Allen gets irritated just thinking about it now.

On occasion, Allen has put his encyclopedic mind to purely commercial use. A couple of years ago, he did a sort of reverse quiz show on a Cincinnati radio station. Listeners would name a major leaguer and ask Allen to identify his team and position. When Allen was stumped, the listener got the jackpot. "Once I went about 42 straight times without missing," he says. One player who stumped him was Ralph J. Miller, a third baseman for Philadelphia in 1920. Allen knew Miller was a third baseman, but he couldn't for the life of him place the team. "Gabe Paul said I should have known," Allen said ruefully not long ago.

A high moment in Allen's life came
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ASK HIM ANYTHING continued

in 1949 when Jimmy Cannon, the sportswriter, got into an argument with Eddie Brannick, the Giants' road secretary. Cannon said Allen could talk longer about baseball than anyone he knew, but Brannick stuck up for Pat Monahan, a scout for the Chicago Cubs who had such a reputation for talking that it was once reported that Phil Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, ruled against his phoning scouting reports on the grounds the club couldn't afford the bill.

To settle the question once and for all, a friend of Allen's invited

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on salt-water bay and fresh-water lake. Various blue-birds, including the Carolina parakeet, were shot there. Several species of waterfowl, including the Canada goose, were also shot there. The birds were shot by the late Mr. J. S. Farnham, one of the early settlers of the area.

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Monahan to Cincinnati to compete against Allen in a talkathon over a local television station. Allen and Monahan were to take turns answering questions phoned in by viewers, and the viewers would judge who talked longer. The match began at 8 in the evening and ended at 5 the next morning. It was apparent to all that Allen had won handily. Monahan himself sensed defeat coming early in the match. About 11 in the evening, he turned on Allen and snarled, "Ah, all you know about baseball is what you read in books."

At present, Allen is looking forward to the peace and quiet of Coopers-town. It doesn't bother him a bit that the nearest major league team is at least a five-hour drive away. "Watching baseball interferes with my study of baseball," he says.

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